

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 81, Vol. 3.

May 16, 1857.

PRICE 5d.
Stamped 6d.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

The circulation of the SATURDAY REVIEW has increased so largely as to render it impossible to carry on the publication any longer on the premises of Messrs. JOHN W. PARKER AND SON. Those gentlemen, to whom the best thanks of the Proprietors are due for their exertions in promoting the interests of the REVIEW, have now discontinued their connexion with it; and a new Office has been established at No. 39, Southampton-street, Strand, to which the Proprietors request that all Advertisements and Communications may henceforth be addressed.

As many applications have been made for the entire series of the REVIEW from its commencement, it may be convenient to state that the Numbers of which the impression is exhausted will be shortly reprinted. A few bound copies of Volumes I. and II. will also be prepared; and it is requested that persons desirous of obtaining them will intimate their wish without delay to the Publisher, at the new Office.

THE POLITICS OF THE ANTIPODES.

THE Constitution of Great Britain, like the constitution of man, appears to have its period of waning vigour; and in the life political, as in the life natural, there is obviously a stage which must be designated as "old-fogeyishness." On reading the political intelligence from Australia, we become conscious that there are sensations we have outlived, and enjoyments we have left behind us with our non-age. "This young country," says the Irish gentleman who corresponds with the *Times*—he is clearly an Irishman from the zest with which he discusses places and salaries—"this young country may be expected to have a change of Government once a month." Now the English politician can hardly conceive a more intolerable bore than a change of Ministry. It paralyzes administration. It arrests reform. It brings to the surface of affairs all sorts of false pretences and small ambitions. It is the mother of all lies. It destroys all rational conversation in society, and permits the most insufferable quidnuncs of one's Club to overpower one with chartered garrulity. But the Australian public quite revels in it. The HAINES Ministry is turned out in Victoria because it has introduced confusion into the public accounts—the confusion, if we understand the story rightly, which would be entailed by the necessity of dividing a sum by two. The CHAMP Government is out in Tasmania, apparently because it "assumed the responsibilities of office in trying times." In both colonies somebody has come in, and somebody else is to have his turn the week after next. We feel, as we read, like the dyspeptic epicure who watches a lad of sixteen disposing of a moderately-cooked dinner. What to one is a pleasure, to the other is an uncomfortable necessity; but still there is a melancholy gratification in seeing the youngster pitch in.

So far as Victoria is concerned, the overthrow of the late and of several preceding Administrations seems to be attributable to the ambitious and successful agitation of Mr. GAVAN DUFFY. Now, though Mr. DUFFY has been a real member of the British Parliament, we should hardly have thought him likely to become the MIRABEAU of the Antipodes. Certainly he has lain near the rose; but it was so long ago, and under such unfavourable circumstances, that we should have suspected him of retaining merely a faint odour of spoiled vegetable, like rose-water which has been left uncorked. Yet, damaged as he may be, he seems to go off briskly in the Australian market. The Victorian colonists are troubled, in fact, with an uneasy consciousness that they are only playing at politics, and they feel an involuntary respect for anybody who has actually exchanged a few genuine blows in the battle of English party strife. Mr. DUFFY's influence is that of a grown man who makes him-

self the companion of boys. He may be a very shabby or a very stupid fellow; but the fact that he has actually mingled in the business of real life invests him with a world of dignity in the eyes of those who, five years afterwards, will find him out and despise him. If it could not be thus explained, the importance which Mr. DUFFY has acquired in Australia would be anything but an agreeable phenomenon. It would be almost painful to think that a used-up and exploded agitator, who left his country because it was too prosperous for him, because it no longer contained sufficient elements of evil for him to lay hold of, has only to turn to the first young community which is essaying the experiment of self-government, and there find an ample theatre for his pernicious accomplishments. It would be monstrous that the seditious arts which were too stale for Ireland should flourish amid the overflowing wealth and exuberant plenty of Australia. We have no apprehension, however, of Mr. DUFFY's remaining long in the situation to which he has climbed. The only fear is that he may be clamoured down with cries not less dangerous to the political progress of Australia than those which he and his friends are patronizing. With a population composed as is that of the South Australian provinces, "manhood suffrage," the watchword of Mr. DUFFY's party, means Irish and Popish ascendancy. The inevitable answer to it is, "No Popery." The Australians are indeed to be pitied if they begin their education at this page of their spelling-book.

It is to be hoped that Mr. DUFFY's popularity and the system of *hey, presto!* administrations will disappear together, and very soon. Much must be pardoned to a young commonwealth indulged for the first time with the noblest excitement which freemen can experience; but still there is no question that these rapid changes of government, if continued too long, will be productive of permanent and perhaps irremediable evil. They may have the effect both of discrediting the character of the politicians who do take part in public life, and of keeping out of the arena the very classes best fitted for ascendancy in a country which has yet its political habits and routine to form. The easy and enlightened sections of Australian society are pursuing riches with more than American eagerness; and, as is shown on a larger scale in the United States, commerce and speculation are capable of furnishing a field for ability which can serve as a practical substitute for activity in politics. Added to this, fortunes in Australia are generally made in order to be carried home to England, and there will always be numbers of intelligent denizens in these provinces who, never lifting their eyes from their business except to glance at the land of their birth, take no interest whatever in colonial politics, and scarcely any in the social organization of their adopted country. That unfortunate abstinence of the opulent and the educated from the platform and the Senate which the Americans of the Northern States have recently had such bitter reason to deplore, is a peril which will always impend with heavier menace over the Australian provinces than over the American Federation; and how enormously will it be increased by the instability and capriciousness of the colonial Legislatures! It is difficult to conceive any man of decent self-respect accepting office in a Government which is long-lived if it last to quarter-day, or taking pains to seat himself in a Parliament which debates the personal character of the Minister through nine-tenths of the session, and attends to real business during the remainder. The attraction of public life to the men best fitted for it will always be, in the long run, the opportunity it affords for the display of statesmanship; but, if the present Australian system continues, statesmanship will be altogether postponed to spouting and salary-hunting. We would not willingly say one word to disparage the great experiment which we are trying in our colonial possessions; but it would be dishonest to conceal our doubts

whether responsible government can be manufactured in England and then shipped for the Antipodes, like an iron house, in numbered joints and pieces. On observing the mode in which the colonists interpret our constitutional practice, we learn to realize the remarkable conservatism of some of the provisions which the sagacity of WASHINGTON and his compeers taught them to introduce into the Constitution of the United States. An Executive functionary, nominated by the people, but nominated once for all, and invested with the privilege of appointing Ministers whom no adverse vote of the Legislature can displace, strikes us, at first sight, as an oddity and an anomaly; but we now see that it exactly meets the characteristic mistakes into which a young country is tempted by inexperience and heedlessness. The gradual Americanization of Australian society, not by the influence of Yankee immigrants, but under the operation of some inevitable law, appears to be one of the best-established facts about it; and it remains to be seen whether an American spirit and the prescriptive constitutional practice of Great Britain can work together without careful management and planned adaptation.

THE PROSPECTS OF FELONY.

THE best feature of Sir GEORGE GREY's Penal Servitude Bill is that it does not attempt to offer a complete solution of the problem, how to dispose of our convict population. The proposed scheme is merely tentative, and under the circumstances it could not well have been more. It will, however, remedy the defect of the Act of 1853, which substituted comparatively short terms of imprisonment for the obsolete sentence of transportation. If we cannot make sure of locating our discharged criminals in a foreign land, it is some gain to defer their liberation, as a rule, until the completion of the full period of transportation formerly allotted to their offences. This is the reward which the criminal profession has fairly earned by the unusual pertinacity of its assaults on our larders and plate-chests during the long nights of the last winter. We have very moderate faith in the deterring power of punishment; but if anything can check the predatory habits of the burglar population, we should think that some good must result from this wholesome increase of severity. The provision as to the duration of sentences is the only enactment of a positive kind contained in the Bill. The locality and the mode of the punishment are to be left at the absolute discretion of the Government. A man who is sentenced to a certain number of years of penal servitude may spend his term in picking oakum in a model prison or working in a team at Woolwich Dockyard—or he may be shipped to the Rock of Gibraltar—or he may be transported, as of old, to Western Australia, or any other colony which prizes a stout pair of hands more than it dreads the effects of moral contagion. In each individual case it will rest with the HOME SECRETARY to decide which form of punishment will be most convenient to inflict, or best adapted to the capabilities of the prisoner. This is, no doubt, a large discretion to entrust to any Minister, but we are bound to confess that we see no other alternative. To abolish transportation altogether would aggravate the evils which we have already suffered by the check that has been given to the practice. On the other hand, to empower judges to pass nominal sentences which there are no means of carrying into effect would be most objectionable. The only course that remained was that which the Ministerial Bill proposes—namely, to give the judge the power to fix the duration of the sentence, and to leave it open to Government to dispose of the convict in such a manner as circumstances may allow, and as the age, character, and physical powers of the prisoner may point out as the most suitable.

The House was particularly sensible in the debate, and less than usual was said about the writ of *habeas corpus* and the rights of Britons. Of course, there was some complaint that the power of locking a man up, or working him, in or out of chains, in any quarter of the globe which may please the HOME SECRETARY, was very arbitrary; but it is one of the incidents of criminal life that its votaries are liable, on conviction, to be handled in a rather arbitrary way, and we cannot get up much enthusiasm on behalf of the convict who is deprived of the ordinary privileges of freedom. Nor is the power of that kind which is very likely to be abused. Secretaries of State have no great temptation to spite particular criminals; and if there were any risk of the sort, it must be borne in mind that men

are not sent to prison to illustrate the discrimination with which punishment may be apportioned, but because the safety of society requires that they should be incarcerated or removed. Fairness, as between rascal and rascal, is certainly desirable, but the paramount consideration of protecting the community cannot be sacrificed to the interests of felons. We think that, by leaving the hands of Ministers unfettered as to the mode of punishment, there is a better chance of getting rid of some part of the nuisance of the criminal classes than by any other scheme which has yet been suggested. A tentative practice of a few years more is absolutely necessary to determine to what extent transportation is possible, by what regulations long terms of detention may be made consistent with humanity, and what course of preliminary training offers the best chance of making honest men of a few at least of the expees. The present Bill offers every opportunity for such experiments, while at the same time it promises some diminution of the flood of ticketed or unticketed rogues which is constantly pouring out of our prison gates. The Bill may be objectionable when looked at from the felon point of view, but the aspect which it offers to the honest side of society is, upon the whole, as satisfactory as could be expected at the present moment.

Almost all the objections suggested during the debate were put forward on behalf of the prisoner-interest, but there was one which was urged in the interests of society. It was said that the abolition of the term transportation would diminish the terrors of the law, and that the uncertainty whether a sentence of penal servitude would be inflicted at Millbank or Swan River would tend to diminish the deterring effect of the punishment. There is not very much in this argument, and what there is rather points at an insuperable difficulty, arising from our present relations with the old penal colonies, than at any remediable defect in the proposed measure. It may be granted, that certainty in the nature as well as in the duration of punishment is desirable, and that a sentence which may turn out either very heavy or very light, according to the temper of a Minister, will not excite much more terror than if the most favourable alternative might be counted upon. Yet the choice between seven years at Pentonville or the hulks, and the same term of transportation at the Antipodes, is not a pleasant one; and admitting that transportation does, for some unaccountable reason, alarm criminals more than a year or two of imprisonment, still the possibility of being looked up at home for a much longer time than the old sentences ever lasted will probably deter as effectually as the prospect of removal to a flourishing colony. At any rate, if criminals at large are not more frightened by the new law than by the old, their numbers will be less than if short terms of imprisonment were still the rule.

There are but three ways of keeping a criminal out of mischief. You may reform him, or deter him, or remove him. The last method, whether the destination be a prison or a colony, is a specific against further depredations here—the second may succeed in a few instances, and the first in fewer still. As Sir GEORGE GREY proposes to develop further the only mode of repressing crime which has proved really effectual, we can excuse him for leaving less reliable resources pretty much as they were before. On one topic we think the Bill ought to have been more explicit. As the law now stands, prisoners may be released before the expiration of their sentence, on the condition of being again incarcerated on their first relapse into suspicious habits. The practice has been to discharge large numbers of prisoners with tickets-of-leave, which are not revoked once in a hundred times until after the offender has been again convicted—and this, notwithstanding that his return to his old associates may be perfectly well known to the authorities. Practically, the experiment which the law of 1853 was intended to introduce has never been tried, and it may be that the system of espionage which it would necessarily involve would do little service either to the criminal or to society. But if the plan stands condemned, the enactments by which it is authorized ought to be repealed. If any hope is still entertained of making it effectual for the purposes of reformation, the new Bill should contain some provision to prevent the experiment from degenerating, as it has done in practice, into a mere unconditional discharge of prisoners a year or two sooner than they ought to be at large. As the intended ticket-of-leave system has never been tried, its advocates are perhaps entitled to assume that its success is not impossible. The case is very different with the actual practice of granting

tickets-of-leave, and leaving the criminal entirely at liberty to pursue his old avocations. This plan has not only been tried, but has succeeded in producing the only result that could have been anticipated—the steady increase of crime. Whatever may be decided about the law as to tickets-of-leave, the abuse which has grown out of it ought to be done away with, and we hope that Sir GEORGE GREY's Bill will not pass without a clause to prevent the wholesale liberation of prisoners before the expiration of their terms of penal servitude.

SPAIN.

AMONG all the romances which have issued from the press of late years, it would be difficult to point out one which combines the interest of a startling plot with the exhibition of a strongly-marked character. As a rule, the novels of incident are filled with the most common-place heroes and heroines, while the authors who delight in the dissection of human nature seldom introduce us to any more exciting events than a ball in May Fair or a conversation at a West End club. We have many skilful writers who would be able to give us the romance for which we have searched, could they but invent or discover a plot worthy of their genius. We think, however, that we can suggest one, exciting enough for an ARNSWORTH romance or an Adelphi melodrama. An old gentleman, the head of the most famous and most unprincipled family in Europe—he may be a King, if the writer pleases—is induced by an evil-disposed princess to disinherit his lawful heir, and to leave his wealth and his sceptre to a girl still in her childhood. More than once, when he would recal the hasty resolution, his repentance is frustrated by the influence of his female counsellor. His death is the signal for discord and war, in which the disinherited claimant maintains a chivalrous but ineffectual struggle against the party which fights in the name of the favoured child. Years pass by, and the young girl is fairly seated on the throne. The princess who was the originator of all these troubles is one of those characters in which novelists of the school of EUGENE SUE delight—craft and malignity being combined with bigotry and superstition. In her last moments she is afflicted with remorse, and leaves, as a legacy to her son, the task of undoing all that her own machinations have effected. Fate seems opposed to the design; for the son—who adds to his mother's bigotry a feeble and capricious intellect—becomes, in the course of events, the husband of the youthful Queen. He finds his wife untrue to himself, faithless to her people, and false to the stout friends who have won for her her throne. Goaded by rage at his own dishonour, and filled with superstitious terror at the thought of his mother's dying injunction, he resolves to plunge himself and his unfaithful consort into a common ruin. He conspires with the exiled family to replace them in possession of their inheritance in the room of his own Queen, who is to be forced to abdicate the throne she has disgraced. The plot is on the point of succeeding, when it is accidentally defeated by the artful dissimulation of an ex-Queen and the simple credulity of a Jesuit conspirator. The *dénouement* may be worked out according to the fancy of the author. He may give completeness to his story by an underplot, in which the principal characters may be an overbearing chief, sometimes the master and sometimes the slave of the capricious Court—a military adventurer, who gets up revolutions on his own account in the name of freedom—and a highminded patriot, who is the tool of all base intriguers, and who always deceives his own friends out of pure honesty, and ruins the cause of liberty to which his life is devoted. The only fault of such a plot would be, that it might seem too improbable even for a melodrama. Yet most of the incidents are matter of history, and the strangest of them all—the conspiracy of a King against his own throne and his own wife—is gravely announced as the last piece of authentic news from Madrid. If the scene were laid anywhere but in Spain, no one would be simple enough to credit the tale for an instant; but, after all that has happened in the Escorial, it is impossible to reject any story, however monstrous and unnatural, as absolutely incredible. The whole land appears utterly degenerate, and the only man who has shown a spark of honour or patriotism in public life is condemned to obscurity, as much by his own weakness as by the crimes of his unscrupulous enemies. ESPARTERO's address to the people of Barcelona offers nothing but despair to the friends of liberty, for it shows that the solitary politician who can

be trusted with power is the easy dupe of any selfish intriguer who may think it worth while to build his fortunes on the reputation of the Duke of VICTORY.

Bystanders are often vain enough to believe that they can understand the course of events better than those who are taking an active part in the political game; and the recent history of Spain goes far to justify the assertion. Each step in ESPARTERO's narrative seems to be the inevitable consequence of what had gone before; and yet the old General, who has spent his life among the discords and intrigues of Spain, attributes the wretched conclusion to a cruel fatality, which no power could have resisted, nor any sagacity have averted. One can easily credit his avowal, that the office which he held was a prolonged and almost insupportable martyrdom. Associated with men who had headed a successful revolt with no motive but their own aggrandisement, there was no alternative for him but to make himself supreme or to fall. The combination with O'DONNELL was in its nature only a hollow trace between discordant principles. But ESPARTERO never anticipated the catastrophe, and refused to break the union which the army had imposed, and which the CORTES had somewhat reluctantly sanctioned. For two years, he says, he clung to the belief that this union was the anchor of salvation for the country. He would not be the first to dissolve it, and by his fidelity to treacherous associates he sacrificed himself, his party, and the last hope of liberty in Spain. This is his own explanation; and if he is entitled to take credit for the scrupulous good faith which has always distinguished him, he must at the same time abandon all pretensions to the sagacity without which it was idle to venture on the treacherous sea of Spanish politics. The same want of decision and foresight which was fatal to him in the Cabinet, destroyed his chance of retrieving the past by the aid of the revolution which followed his expulsion. A word from him might have guided and strengthened the Progresista movement, and have saved the country from the absolutism which has once more crushed it. But ESPARTERO would speak of nothing but peace and loyalty, when the Court and Cabinet were resolved to set law at defiance and rule by the bayonet. The people were subdued, the CORTES were dispersed, the streets ran with blood, and ESPARTERO alone was silent and inactive. The Reaction had sheltered itself behind the Throne, and he refused to take part in a contest which, in any event, might jeopardize one or other of the principles to which he had consecrated his life. He had dedicated his sword to liberty and monarchy, and he would help neither when they were disunited. Unfortunately, in Spain the Crown has long been divorced in spirit from the constitution; and there has been no place for the simple allegiance of a man who would serve neither Queen nor people, except when bound together by the principle of a constitutional Monarchy, which, for any practical purpose, had long ceased to exist. However we may regret that the unlucky Progresistas had not a more resolute chief, one is forced to respect the scrupulous honour of ESPARTERO. He does himself no more than justice when he declares that he was ever the same—a loyal servant of liberty and monarchy, subservient neither to the throne nor the people. Unfortunately he has lived in times when it has been impossible to serve the two masters he has chosen. His fidelity to both has disabled him from doing good service to either.

THE PRESS AND THE LAW OF LIBEL.

IN the present stagnation of party politics, an agitation has commenced which touches, in one of its most vital points, the very framework of our social organization. Whether for good or for evil, the newspaper press has already become, and is daily becoming to a still greater extent, the most predominant of the external influences by which the mind of the community is swayed. The recent relaxation of the Stamp laws has given a wider scope to a power previously very large, for the new class of cheap newspapers has probably, within the last two years, more than doubled the number of impressions daily proceeding from the press. It would not, perhaps, be too much to say that the influence exercised by journalism over public opinion, and consequently over society in all its relations, exceeds that of all the books, sermons, and speeches which come forth in the course of the year. Considering the existing state of newspaper autocracy, we confess that we were scarcely prepared for a complaint on the part of the Press, that it was suffering under oppression and restriction. The *Times*, begging for

greater liberty, reminds one forcibly of the pleasant audacity of OLIVER TWIST "asking for more." Yet so it is—a petition for redress has been preferred to Parliament on behalf of this down-trodden and defenceless interest; and Lord CAMPBELL, who is ever ready to lend his succour to the weak and unprotected, has undertaken to plead its cause.

The cause of the "Liberty of the Press" involves a principle justly dear to every citizen of a free country. The best and wisest Englishmen of every generation have struggled for its establishment and defence. But the value which we feel for the principle, and the gratitude which we cherish towards the institution, should not be allowed to blind us to the counterfeits which claim the benefit of a sacred and popular watchword. We have had plenty of experience in recent history, that the removal of all limitations is not always the best way to promote real independence; and we doubt very much whether the proposed irresponsibility of journalism would substantially serve the cause of rational freedom, in defence of which the liberty of the Press is invoked. It was the choicest of all its champions—the great author of *Areopagitica* himself—who tore off the mask from those

Who license mean, when they cry liberty.

Let us examine a little the nature of the grievance for the consideration of which, on the motion of Lord CAMPBELL, a Committee has been just appointed by the House of Lords. The late case of *DAVISON v. DUNCAN* seems, for the first time, to have opened the eyes of some journalists to the fact that, by the law of England, a man is no more justified in publishing a false and groundless libel on his neighbour because it has been previously uttered by some one else, than he would be in knocking him down because some one had tripped up his heels five minutes before. The enunciation of this simple proposition by the Court of Queen's Bench seems to have filled the *Times* with surprise and consternation. In the first instance, the doctrine of her MAJESTY'S Judges was, with that modest reserve and profound information which characterize diurnal infallibility, pronounced at once to be bad law. However, as might have been expected, that position was not found very tenable, and appears now to be wholly abandoned. It is no small gain, in the discussion of so important a question, to have escaped from invectives against the old age of Chief Justice BEST, and to have the topic placed on a proper footing for reasonable discussion. What the law of England is, there can be no doubt—let us examine a little the grounds on which it is proposed to alter it.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than to endeavour to represent the doctrine exemplified in *DAVISON v. DUNCAN* as a technicality or quibble of the law. The principle that any one who knowingly contributes to the injury of another's rights shall be liable to make reparation to that person, is not a dogma of any particular system, but a precept of universal justice. Yet this is precisely the principle on which rests the rule of law of which the *Times* complains, and which visits with punishment the publisher who, by means of his capital, machinery, and circulation, gives currency to a report that is false and injurious to some fellow-man. The liability of the principal cannot and ought not to relieve the accessory from that portion of the penalty which properly belongs to his own voluntary participation in the wrong. If two men successively injure a third in the same way, it is no answer for the second to say that he only imitated the example of the first; nor does it seem to us to mend the matter to allege that the first person knew that his example would be followed, and therefore the second must be absolved. Yet this is precisely the reasoning on which the *Times* relies when it demands to be relieved from all responsibility for the libellous matter contained in reports of speeches, on the ground that the speaker knew and intended that he should be reported. Our contemporary, with that extraordinary ignorance of the principles of law which it has displayed throughout the discussion, thinks that it clinches the argument in the following sentence:—"A man who speaks in public addresses himself to the whole country, as completely and as deliberately as if he took his speech to a printer, and sent it out as a pamphlet, with his name on the title-page." We admit the analogy; but, so far from rebutting, it entirely confirms the view against which the *Times* is arguing. If a man takes a pamphlet to a printer, and gives it to the world with his name on the title-page, and it turns out to be libellous, the printer is responsible to the person libelled, as well as the author.

The case of the publisher and the newspaper proprietor is precisely the same, and their liability rests upon grounds so identical that it would puzzle the most ingenious logician to invent a distinction. If the printer of the pamphlet is held responsible for its contents, why is the publisher of the newspaper to claim exemption from all liability?

Our contemporary says, that the "public speaker dictates his speech to the reporter." We do not object to the expression; but it remains to be proved that the reporter is justified in repeating what the speaker was not justified in uttering. One man may dictate a murder to another, and if he did, he would be hanged for it; but we should be very much surprised to learn that it was a good plea in law on behalf of the actual murderer, that it had been "dictated to him," and that as the other man was not to be hanged, he ought to be acquitted. This argument rests on the implied assumption—which we presume that the *Times* would be the very last to admit—that the press, at least in its reporting department, is a brute, irrational, irresponsible agent. If that were really the case, we can only say civil society could not long survive the existence of so terrible and mischievous a monster. It is only by holding fast to exactly the opposite principle—viz., that the press is a rational, intelligent, responsible influence—that it can become or continue a beneficent and salutary engine of civilization.

If you see a feeble man about to strike a blow at his neighbour, and if, having the power, by some mechanical contrivance, of increasing the force of the blow a thousandfold, you enable him thus to multiply the mischief he meditates, are you not to answer for the consequences as well as he? It is nothing to the purpose to say that you had no malice against the man—it may be that you did it in cold-blooded indifference, or for the sake of gain, or to please your master. And yet the plea advanced on behalf of newspapers—that it is for the "public interest" that they should publish everything which may be said at public meetings, libellous or not—virtually amounts to this. There is no phrase, by the way, so much abused as this of "public interest." It is, in this respect, like those two comprehensive epithets of political controversy, "unconstitutional" and "un-English." In what sense of the word, we should like to know, is it for the "public interest" that the readers of the *Times* should peruse a false statement respecting a man's character? If the statement is true, then it is no libel; but if it is false, why, in Heaven's name, is it of such public interest that it should be published? It may be that the utterer of the slander is a person of bad credit in his neighbourhood, whose assertion would have no weight with the few hundreds to whom it was addressed. But to the millions who read it, it comes with all the authority of print (and every one knows how great that is), without the discredit which the knowledge of the author's character might otherwise cast on his assertions. After all, the real meaning of "public interest" seems to be simply that which interests the public; and, unfortunately, "the public" are disposed to be more interested by scandal than by anything else. Why should not a libellous speech be struck out of a report just as much as an indecent or a blasphemous one? Or why is a man's character to be traduced before millions of his fellow-countrymen, while he is to have no remedy against the intelligent instrument by the help of which the wrong is effected? We all know very well the plea of "Please, sir, it was the other boy." But if two men injure you, it is no answer for one to say that the other is liable. Without the aid of the newspaper, the libeller could do comparatively little mischief—with the assistance of the Press he can inflict a cruel and irreparable injury. And the remedy against the author may be wholly inadequate to his position and fortune. It may be sufficient to answer the trivial injury which, in his limited sphere, he is capable of accomplishing, but quite insufficient to compensate the wide-spread ruin which the dissemination of his article through the Press may have wrought.

If by simply delivering a speech at a meeting which a jury may pronounce "public," a man may obtain the aid of the circulation of the *Times* to give currency to a malicious falsehood against another, there will no longer be any security for private character. Is it not of the last importance to society that there should be a check, not only on the malicious author of a slander, but also upon its powerful and influential disseminator? It is nothing to say that the newspaper has no malicious intention. A man who fires a gun—which another has loaded—down the street, is not to be absolved because he may allege, however truly, that he did

not wish to hurt any one. If a newspaper, in the ordinary way of its business, and for the sake of the circulation which it gains by its reports, makes itself the vehicle of false and injurious statements against individuals, it seems consonant to law, justice, and common sense, that it should be held responsible for an injury which, without its voluntary aid, never would have existed, at least to the same extent.

This is too large and too important a subject to be summarily disposed of, and we have touched upon but a few of the topics which suggest themselves in connexion with it. We may return to it on a future occasion. In the meanwhile, we do hope that the careful and deliberate attention of the Legislature may be directed to a question which seems to us fraught with more momentous consequences even than Taxes and Reform Bills. We earnestly trust that no rash or inconsiderate measure may be shuffled through Parliament on a subject of such vital importance to society. Hitherto, in spite of many faults, the English Press has been honourably distinguished by its freedom both from the servility of Continental journalism and from the degrading personalities of American newspapers. We have emancipated ourselves from the yoke of the censorship, after long and glorious struggles—we hope that we are not now to be delivered over to the worse thralldom of a licentious impunity. The true defence of the dignity, independence, and freedom of the Press is to be found in a strict and unswerving adherence to the doctrine of a rational responsibility—a doctrine which, for the first time in the history of the English law, is now menaced by Lord CAMPBELL on behalf of the *Times*.

HARDY'S ENTIRE.

WE do wish that members of Parliament would leave our beer alone. If any regulations, whether by license or otherwise, were likely to secure malt liquor from poisonous adulterations, something might perhaps be said in favour of legislative interference; but if the evidence taken before the late Committee proves anything, it shows that all the machinery which has been devised to cripple free trade in beer has only had the effect of giving a monopoly to the tenants who hold licensed houses of the great brewing firms, at rents so exorbitant that nothing but the sale of vile compounds, under the name of porter, can give them a chance of earning a subsistence. Competition may not be a perfect specific against adulteration; but monopoly is a direct encouragement to the fraudulent and deleterious practices which it is one of the professed objects of the licensing system to prevent. This is no more than might have been predicted *a priori* by the merest tyro in political economy, and experience has only too well confirmed the conclusion. We presume that Mr. HARDY never drinks beer himself, or he would have shown more regard for those who object to a mixture of treacle and gentian. These professed beer-trade reformers would be beer-destroyers if they dared; and the only difference between them and the advocates of the Maine-law craze is, that the latter are logical in their absurdity, while Mr. HARDY and his friends are both absurd and illogical. We can understand a man who has an aversion for malt, beer-shops, public-houses, and everything of the kind, clamouring for total prohibition; and we have the same kind of respect for such a crotchet as we feel for Mr. NEWDEGATE's objections to convertible bank notes and Mr. SPOONER's monomania on the subject of Maynooth. But we really can't extend this sort of forbearance to any but those who go thoroughly mad upon their hobbies. The out-and-out anti-spirituous-liquor apostles probably believe in their own nostrum; but the temporizing gentlemen who would regulate away what they dare not interdict, can scarcely expect credit for so much enthusiasm. Their case is suicidal. If the sale of beer were productive of such unmixed evil as they would have us believe, the least they could do would be to propose its absolute prohibition; but on what principle a favoured few should be licensed to sell what ought not to be sold at all, we confess ourselves unable to form a conjecture. We know very well the hackneyed argument by which scoffers, like ourselves, are met. The license, it is said, is not meant to check the sale of beer, but to control the excesses of which beer-shops are apt to be the scene. In the first place, this is not true; for one of the chief arguments in favour of a licensing system is, that it is necessary to limit the number of public-houses. But if it were true in fact that the prevention of irregularities is the end in view, the right way of doing this is by punishing offenders rather than by regulating a

class. We know no reason why the possible misdeeds of publicans and their guests should be dealt with in a different manner from any other offences against law and morals. If the opportunities of detecting and punishing disorderly conduct in public-houses are not sufficient, it would surely be possible to strengthen the arm of the law against offenders without interfering with the trade of those against whom no charge can be substantiated.

But Mr. HARDY's notions of legal uniformity are offended by the existence of such an anomaly as beer-shops opened under a mere Excise license, side by side with the dram-shops which are placed under the surveillance of County magistrates. He would get rid of the inconsistency by extending the more stringent system to all alike; but it is worth consideration whether the law might not be more advantageously altered by handing over the whole jurisdiction to the Excise. An Excise license is nothing more than a tax; and, beyond the objections that are common to all modes of taxation, there are no very serious complaints against this particular impost. But the magistrates' license is altogether different. Practically, it subjects a particular class of the people to the arbitrary control of a Bench, which may be impartial, but which is certainly, in many districts, not without a strong personal interest. Mr. BROWNSROUT, the senior partner in the great brewery, may be an excellent magistrate, but it is not fair to ask him and his personal friends to decide on the relative claims of his own and a rival pothouse to the privilege of supplying the inhabitants of Great Sokington with genuine entire. Mr. HARDY tells us that all the evidence as to the partiality of magistrates ought to be disregarded, because it comes from disappointed applicants. It could not well come from any one else; but, putting this accusation altogether aside, and assuming the most perfect wisdom and fairness in the tribunal, we doubt whether it is right, or consistent with English notions of fairness and law, to give to any body of judges the power of inflicting total ruin on a tradesman, either because some policeman doubts the steadiness of his character, or on the still more inexcusable ground that no more dealers in his commodity are wanted in the locality. Publicans are very likely not the most sober and exemplary of men; but it is a strong thing to put the whole body, good as well as bad, under a rule as absolute and despotic as that of Siberia or China. We object on principle to irresponsible power of this kind being vested in magistrates or any other functionaries; and we don't see why mine host of the "Garter" should be liable to deposition, except perhaps as a punishment for offences charged and proved against him in the ordinary course of law. Still less can we reconcile it with our notions of commercial policy to give a Bench of worthies the right to decide how many vendors of porter a village may contain, and to put down competition in a commodity which, notwithstanding Mr. HARDY's preference for water or claret, or other thin potations, is, and is likely to continue, the ordinary beverage of the thirsty souls who make up nine-tenths of our population.

In the name of good beer and common fairness, we feel bound to protest against the licensing *régime* altogether. Even if it answered its purpose, our objections to the principle would still remain; but, in point of fact, it has failed to improve the morals, while it has certainly deteriorated the drink, of the lower classes. Let any one give but a passing glance at a licensed gin-shop, and he will know what is the value of the guardianship which the law professes to exercise over public morals and proprieties. The more the facts are investigated, the more clear it becomes that arbitrary regulation is not the way to deal with trade of any kind. The system must one day be got rid of; and fanatics like Mr. HARDY, who struggle for its extension, will only succeed in directing public attention to its anomalies and its ill success, and in hastening the time of its total abolition.

EQUALIZATION OF POOR-RATES.

THAT the question of equalizing the metropolitan Poor-rates is at present assuming prominence, is not half so extraordinary as that it should never have been seriously agitated before. Nor is the difficulty of dealing with it diminished by its patent simplicity. There are a hundred questions in social politics which cannot be solved for the very reason that they are so elementary, and entirely turn on seeming truisms. To say that the Poor-rates in St. George's-in-the-East ought not to be 3s. 4d. in the pound, and those of St. George's-in-the-West 74d., is obviously true.

But, looking a little deeper into the matter, it only means, why should we have a St. George's-in-the-East and a St. George's-in-the-West? And certainly, if this terrible question is fairly put, Eumledom and all the realms of Chaos and old Dis are shaken to their very centre. If it is left to the parishes, its solution is further off than ever; for the parochial idea is dearer than the national. We verily believe that the most rate-consuming parish in London would rather eat its very vitals, and pay its 6s. 8d. in the pound for a Poor-rate, than resign its parochial character. But the present parochial system will not bear a moment's examination—neither the wisdom of our ancestors nor the practical sagacity of ourselves is embodied in it. The whole thing, as regards a place like London, is an absurdity. That St. Peter-le-Poor or St. Christopher-le-Stocks should be ranked in the same category as St. Mary-lebone, St. Pancras, or Whitechapel, is a fact which brings with it its own condemnation. Both cannot be parishes equally fulfilling the function of a parish, whatever that may be. The question then occurs, what function has a parish? And we are at once landed in the centralization and self-government wrangle.

The movement commenced, of course, in the poor parishes, and, not unnaturally, was headed or instigated by the clergy of the East-end of London. They say that, in their parishes, a process is going on analogous to that through which the rural districts were passing when the New Poor Law stepped in—and only just in time—to prevent an appreciable portion of England from relapsing into waste land. We are assured that the great Eastern parishes of London, with a Poor-rate of 4s. in the pound, will become insolvent—that is to say, we must look out for predial riots from the small ratepayers, or the owners of house and other fixed property will find their investments so seriously depreciated that an Eastern parish will be uninhabitable. The notion of Whitechapel becoming a desert of empty houses has in it something of the grotesque, and the threat has a dash of exaggeration in it; yet the decreasing value of suburban property consequent upon the excessive Poor-rates, is a fact, and an influential one. It is curious, however, that in either case—in the rural districts, thirty years ago, and in the suburban parishes of the day—self-government has been found, to say the least of it, impotent to prevent the disaster. The Poor-law authorities of a former day abolished local parochial management—the poor-law authority of this day, Mr. BOUVERIE, argues that local control is the only thing which prevents the bad, which he admits, from becoming that worse which he cannot undertake to prevent.

The reply of the Poor-law Board to the Eastern missionaries is very unsatisfactory. Mr. BOUVERIE, accustomed to the dodge of dealing with deputations, thinks it enough to say to the remonstrants that they have no plan—as if they ever pretended to have one, or as if it were their business to provide one. What they had to show, and what they did show, was this—that the notion of a parish supporting its own poor was all very well, but that it implied two things—first, a parish, and next, its own poor—and that both these conditions were absent. They argued that Stepney was in no sense a parish, and that its poor were Belgravian and Tyburnian as well as Stepneian poor. They further contended that the tendency of a rich parish was to attract rich people—that the tendency of a poor parish was the reverse—and that when once a parish was pauperized, like a sickly sheep, it only attracted the vermin of society. In a word, cause and effect went on together—the parish was poor because it attracted the poor, and it attracted the poor because it was poor. When a neighbourhood, like a family, once begins to descend, the process of deterioration rapidly advances, for everybody quits it who can live elsewhere. On the other hand, when a locality is on the rise, its poor are evicted as mercilessly as in the Highlands. Hence it is that the East is daily more and more the common sewer into which the drainage of Western pauperism flows.

This is what the Eastern clergymen, on the part of themselves and their parishioners, represented. And how was this representation treated by the Minister? Simply by defying the complainants to mend matters—as if it were rather the patient's than the doctor's business to prescribe a cure. Mr. BOUVERIE, with official tact, pounced upon an incautious statement of one of the deputation, and tossed it about in triumph. Mr. McCALL had said, in effect, "We are paying our 4s. in the pound, and as it is our poor are

starving; if they were properly looked after, our rates ought to be 10s. or 12s. in the pound." The statement was an exaggeration; but it was a godsend to Mr. BOUVERIE. Do you think, he replies, that St. George's and St. James's will tax themselves to this amount? You see what comes of it—as soon as you equalize the poor-rates, you will pamper pauperism as in the days of old. You don't suppose that Babylon the Great will hear of an equal 10s. poor-rate. Things on the whole are better as they are. You and yours are Lazarus, and you simply die and starve. Hold your tongues and die quietly—depend upon it, Dives will not be taxed. At the worst, you can but go to the dogs. You talk of terrorism, but what if Belgravia should rebel? Mr. BOUVERIE went on to argue, or to suggest—for his strength does not lie in argument—that if we once meddle with the sacred parochial principle, there is no saying where we are to stop. Do you, he hints, propose a district rate, or a metropolitan rate, or a county rate, or a national rate, or an Imperial rate, or an oecumenical rate? Once discard the safeguards of local control, and you have profligate overseers, profligate contractors, profligate Boards, profligate everybody. To this, had it been worth their while—or had they quicker tongues and nerves more compact than East-end deputies are likely to retain in the sublime presence of a Minister—the Oriental envoys might have found a reply. They might have asked how, if every vice attends consolidated rating, does it come that, in other departments of the public service, the problem has been solved of gaining efficiency without a slavish adherence to the mere principle—a cast-iron and mechanical one—of simply local management? If local rating is the screw which keeps down extravagance, why is it that the State does not apply this screw to every department of the public service? Mr. BOUVERIE would reply that the care of the poor is not a public service—that it is a local burden. This is a mere jingle on the word "local." We say, that theoretically, a neighbourhood is no more bound to bear the burden of its own poor than of its own rogues. If Whitechapel must support "its own poor," why not prosecute its own thieves and maintain its own prisons? The fallacy lies in the phrase "its own poor"—the support of the poor is a common and not a local burden or duty. It is impossible to say which house or householder is the cause of poverty, or is bound to undertake the duty of relieving it. The causation of poverty is not individual but diffused. The evil tendency of the existing principle is, that it goes upon the view of minimizing the incumbrance of the poor, rather than of employing them. All that we have struggled for since ELIZABETH's time, and all that parishes ever can struggle for, is to make maintenance as cheap as possible—a larger system would, perhaps, entertain the notion that the relief of the poor was the main object, and that the best way to relieve was to employ. These are, at least, some of the grave questions which must, sooner or later, enter into the consideration of Poor-law reformers; and it is a base policy in a Minister to attempt to stave them off by playing the mean and selfish interests of one parish against another, and evoking the fears of West London against the threats of the Eastern suburbs. We acknowledge the immense difficulty of attempting to tie a rich parish with a poor one, and to link, in a useful *mésalliance* of wealth and poverty, Paddington with Wapping; but the introduction of a Union-rate—that is, the lumping all the Western parishes together and all the Eastern ones—would but exaggerate present grievances.

WIFE-BEATING.

TWO of the old stock-grievances of society have just been brought before Parliament, though, judging from the insouciance of the CHANCELLOR and the HOME SECRETARY on the subjects, they are not likely to gain much from their ventilation at Westminster. They are grievances of that inveterate character which makes them the *opprobrium reipublice*; and, to say the truth, if we are not disposed to deal thoroughly with such matters, we had better not maunder about them. Wife-beating and indecent books are such palpable and undeniable abominations that, if we cannot cure them, we had perhaps better not talk about them. We only show our own incapacity if we let them evaporate in the fog of Lord CAMDEN's amiable imbecility, or of excellent Mr. DILLWYN's tentative statesmanship. The question is—Are we resolved upon STRAFFORD's "thorough?" We

aspect not. There is so large an amount of nonsense afloat on the subject of punishment that we despair of reviving the lash, as Mr. DILLWYN proposes. The cat-o'-nine-tails cannot be wielded alone. It is impossible to revive a solitary fragment of the system of terrorizing. It may be that society has gone too far—and we have not been careful to conceal our fears on this head—in diminishing the number of capital punishments. But we have done this upon principle. It is undeniable that we are abandoning the vindictive and punitive notion of justice. For ourselves, we should perhaps entertain no serious objection to a recurrence to this principle; and as to the stuff which is talked about the disgraceful picture of humanity which a culprit's bleeding back exhibits, we own to no squeamishness in the matter. We could endure the sight with equanimity in the case of a hardened wife-beater; and, anyhow, it would not be to society generally a spectacle half so debasing as that of a woman or child flogged into ribbons by a gutta-percha whip, wielded by a husband or father. But, we repeat, let us know what we are about. If we are to go back to vindictive punishments, let us do it with our eyes open. Isolated Acts, meeting and dealing with particular offences, such as the measure which Mr. DILLWYN proposes, are rarely founded upon principle and deliberation, and, if not, they must fail. The greatest error in legislation is an exceptional and sentimental enactment. With reference to the particular case of wife-beating, it is extremely difficult to ascertain how far the last attempt at dealing with it has answered. The increased number—if it be an increased number—of charges under the Assaults on Women and Children Act, may be a proof of its efficiency; for it is very possible that the severity with which wife-smashers have been treated has instigated the victims to appeal to the special protection so recently awarded to them. It may be that, because wives are no longer compelled to endure marital brutality in silence, they make those revelations at the Police-courts which were suppressed under the old law.

Mr. DILLWYN's case is, that the Act of 1852 has failed. He therefore proposes flogging; and he would say—for he does not go much into argument—that flogging has exterminated the exceptional crime of Queen-shooting. Whatever may be thought of the proposed remedy, we hold it to be a public benefit to get occasionally a strong one-sided view of society. The mere catalogue of cases of aggravated assault upon women and children, recited the other night in the House of Commons, tells an opinion. It tends at least to correct some of our mawkishness and drivelling views. The fact is, in certain classes of society we are as bad and brutal as perhaps we were a thousand years ago. We say this, not because great crimes are committed, but because society apathetically considers certain enormous social wrongs as things of course. It is undeniable that wife-beating among the lower classes is rather the rule than the exception. There is little public opinion in lower life, and that little accepts wife-beating and child-starving as facts which cannot be interfered with. It is unfortunate if a man beats his wife—worse, if he happens to beat her too much; but, on the whole, it is better for the neighbours not to meddle. The woman is the chattel, and must put up with the consequences of chattelship; and thus the scream and fall, the heavy dull thong, and the kicking and pounding are got over. It is, after all, "only a man quarrelling with his wife." This is the way that, in wife-beating circles, wife-beating is treated. Mr. DILLWYN proposes to remedy this state of things by imprisoning the offender, and flogging him into the bargain. Certainly there is something substantial in this; but one-half of the punishment falls upon the wrong party. The tyrant is, unfortunately, the earner of wages; and the injured wife only adds starvation to her bruises and dislocations. If we are to "go in" for flogging, we had rather flog in earnest, and remit the imprisonment altogether. Flogging is a neat, condensed, intelligible thing—it appeals to the brute in his brutality. It quite brings out that old-fashioned, rough, common-sense, unrefined view of things which the law of retaliation implies. Very coarse, barbarous, and unphilosophical it may be, but it is vigorous and impressive. And perhaps this is what we want. We are a barbarous people—at least, a vast proportion of us are barbarians, and the worse because inner barbarians. The really frightful thing is the difficulty we have in making decent, stupid people understand what our actual state is. We will take a recent example. Here is Lord CAMPBELL, apparently making, for the first

time, the discovery that there is such a place as Holywell-street, and cackling like an old hen, and clucking out his information in the House of Lords, seemingly for the sake of a twaddling antithesis between physical and moral poisons. But in the lower depth, there is always a lower still. Even a CAMPBELL implies a CRANWORTH, who, from the woollack tells the Peers—"If there are publications of a depraved character, as described by the noble Lord, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL will no doubt bring in aid the strong arm of the law to suppress them." Really human patience cannot endure this sort of thing. Granted that it is a matter of the utmost difficulty to deal with the trade in obscenity, and that it is impossible to put upon law the burden of dealing with moral evil—this is intelligible, and perhaps, to some extent, true. But for a Lord Chancellor to tell us that the law at present is sufficient to put down the sale of indecent publications, and that it only needs to invoke the strong arm of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, is either an insult to the country or the heaviest reproach ever levelled even at Lord CRANWORTH, and at the law of which he is, in a sense, the head. If the law is not in fault, its guardians are.

Admitting that there are indecent publications, and that there is such a thing as wife-beating, we regret to say that, judging from the facts, the law appears utterly incapable of dealing with them. And let us add, that if we think of punishing them by flogging and pillory, this may take us a long way in a direction where we have been very loth to find, or even to look for, social progress. To fall back upon flogging is to unsay a great many pretty things about perfectibility, and moral force, and the duty of reforming rather than punishing. Perhaps this may be right. All confession is healthful; and to own that we have talked a deal of nonsense is an act of confession which may do the national conscience good. But to introduce flogging by Act of Parliament is rather a serious matter. The flogging ought to be public and severe. Such a course is not to be resorted to under the influence of sentiment, and what is called chivalry—or, as in the case of shooting at the QUEEN, under a panic, and with the conviction that the chances are millions to one against the new principle being acted upon. The crime of wife-beating is of the largest and most dangerous character; and if we resolve to grapple with it, whatever may be the remedy, we must urge it thoroughly and in earnest. If we are to come to flogging, it is not a single cut which will do the work.

DECIMAL COINAGE.

THE propriety of introducing a decimal coinage, in some shape or other, in place of the pounds, shillings, and pence system which is peculiar to this country, has been under consideration for—we are afraid to say how many years. The advantage of reducing compound to simple arithmetic is so obvious to all who have anything to do with accounts, that until recently the many other considerations which must be regarded in determining the best form of coinage for every-day use have been passed over with but little attention. There have been abundance of discussions carried on with all the pertinacity which distinguishes projectors of new schemes; but they have been confined for the most part to the question, how a decimal system might be most conveniently introduced, and have taken for granted the asserted superiority of such a coinage over every other. Lord Overstone has lately circulated a series of queries upon the subject, which brings us back once more to the principle of the projected change, and suggests grave doubts whether the balance of convenience would be in favour of any alteration in our existing coins. The questions are prefaced by a statement that they are not to be taken as intimating a conclusive opinion on the subject; but they are avowedly intended to bring under notice some of the advantages of our present coinage, and the most important objections to the decimal principle. It is necessary to bear in mind the object in view, in order to do justice to the skill with which they are framed. If Lord Overstone had professed to draw up a strictly impartial and unbiassed set of interrogatories, we could not have congratulated him on the success of his attempt; for he has not hesitated to introduce many examples and queries which appeal much more to the habits than to the judgment of the reader, and many others which show an apparent advantage in the present system, where none in reality exists. Thus he suggests comparisons between divisions, multiplications, and additions starting from 2s. 6d., and the corresponding operations on 125 mills. The result is certainly favourable to the half-crown notation. But if the decimal system were once established, its supporters might with equal fairness ask which was the easier sum to deal with—160 mills, or 3s. 2½d.; and they would obtain an answer just as decisive in favour of their system. We have no right, however, to complain of a want of impartiality where none is professed; and, regarded simply as a nut for the decimal theorists to crack, Lord

Overstone's paper is one of the most searching and able productions we ever read. The only fault is a little too much iteration, but in suggestions so thoroughly exhaustive of one side of the argument some prolixity is easily pardoned. There is no great difficulty in saying what are the peculiar advantages of our own mode of subdividing the *1l.* unit, and the concurrent inconveniences from which a decimal progression of coins would relieve us. The really perplexing question is, how much weight ought to be attributed to the one side or to the other, and whether, upon the whole, more good than evil would result from the suggested change.

The requisites of an absolutely perfect system of notation, coinage, and mensuration, are—1. That the progression of all coins, weights, and measures, should be by multiples of the radix of notation. 2. That the coins and measures should be capable of exact subdivision into the greatest possible number and variety of aliquot parts. 3. That the coins in use for purposes of reckoning should not be too numerous on the one hand, nor too widely separated in value on the other. Our present coinage, and many of our weights and measures, fulfil the last two conditions tolerably well. The division of a shilling into twelve pence—if we put out of consideration the fact that our arithmetic is based upon the radix 10—is the best that could be devised. The number 12 is divisible by 2, 3, 4, and 6; and no other number, until you reach the multiples of 12 itself, has more divisors, while only one, namely 18, has so many. Not only in the number but in the nature of its factors 12 is the best selection that could be made. Divisions into halves and quarters occur more frequently than any others, and would continue to do so even though our system of coinage refused to accommodate itself to our wants. People will buy half-yards and quarter-yards notwithstanding the fact that three feet make a yard; and in America half cents, quarter cents, and even eighths of cents are familiarly spoken of in preference to the corresponding number of mills. Another advantage of the number 12 is, that it is not unmanageably large. Experience shows that a multiplication table up to 12 times 12 is not too much to be drummed into the memory of very ordinary computers. Those who wish to attain anything like speed with our divisions of the pound ought to master a table up to multiples of 20, and the fact that this is seldom done is some evidence that 20 is an inconveniently large multiple in the succession of coins. For example, most persons, in reckoning the price of 7 lbs. at 1*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* per lb., would be five or six times as long in getting from the shillings to the pounds as in the easier transition from the pence to the shillings, simply because they know by rote the value of 7 times 8, while 7 times 17 is a result of calculation and not of memory. Again, any number much smaller than 12 would be inadmissible, because the difference between successive coins of account would be so small as to necessitate the use of an inconveniently large number of different denominations. In every point of view, therefore, 12 is the best number for the progression, whether of coins or measures.

All the same reasons apply with equal force to point out 12 as the proper radix to serve, instead of 10, as the basis of our arithmetical notation; and the true solution of the question raised by the project of a decimal coinage would be found in the adoption of a strictly duodecimal coinage, and the substitution of a duodecimal for a decimal system of arithmetic. We do not say that this alteration could be easily forced upon the community, but so far as the arithmetical change is concerned, there would be no necessity for any legislation on the subject. The schoolmaster would do it all. If you alter your coins, you compel every one to conform to the new regulation, at whatever cost of convenience or habit; but there is no difficulty in having two systems of computation in practice at once. One man may use one method, and another a different one, but their results would agree, and the results are the only things which require to be communicated. The real obstacle to the introduction of such a system would be, that it would require the *1l.* to be replaced by another unit of 12*s.*—a change which would no doubt be attended at first with considerable inconvenience. But without committing ourselves to any opinion as to the practicability of such a solution of the problem, it is clear that any other can only be a compromise between the three requisites which we have mentioned as essential to a perfect system. The only plan adapted alike to computation and to retail dealings would be obtained, not by introducing decimals into our coinage, but by adopting duodecimals in our arithmetic. Supposing, however, that a duodecimal scheme is not to be thought of, the next question is, whether we shall sacrifice the use of the duodenary division of the shilling for the very inferior scale of ten, in order to secure the advantage of conformity between our coinage and our arithmetical notation. The fault is all on the side of the latter, and is due entirely to the unlucky circumstance that men have ten fingers and not twelve. But the habit of using this notation having become universal, and being possibly ineradicable, is it worth while to accommodate our coinage to it? This is the question which Lord Overstone raises, and we are not at all sure that the answer to which he obviously leans is not upon the whole the right one.

Coins are used in three ways—1st, as a means of making retail payments, for which purpose an easily divisible scale, like the duodenary, is obviously the best; 2nd, as the instruments of mental calculation; 3rd, for the purpose of paper computations. It is not necessary to follow Lord Overstone into the

numerous examples which he gives to show that purchases of fractional parts of lb. or yards would involve more trouble, and admit of less exactness of price, if the shilling or florin were divided into 10ths instead of 12ths. This is the necessary result of employing a number whose only factors are 2 and 5, in place of one divisible by 2, 3, 4, and 6. So far as such transactions are concerned, a decimal coinage would be a change for the worse. It is equally true that in mental computations little or no advantage would be gained by introducing a decimal system. In point of fact, a man, when reckoning in his head, scarcely ever refers to the existence of a scale of notation at all. He thinks of hundreds, thousands, and so on, as names, in precisely the same way as he thinks of pounds and shillings; but he is neither helped nor hindered by the fact that these denominations may be indicated in writing by the position assigned to the digit. His calculations would go on just as well if no other mode had been invented of setting down a number—say 253—than by writing 2*h.* 5*s.* 3*d.* after the same fashion which we adopt in writing down pounds, shillings, and pence. We remember a very interesting lecture on Mental Arithmetic by Mr. Babbage, who achieved greater feats in the art, while quite a boy, than have ever been performed by any other computer. A sort of notion had prevailed that he accomplished this by prodigious efforts of memory, or by a sort of calculating instinct. The truth is, his success was mainly the result of the common-sense method which he employed, aided, no doubt, by extraordinary natural powers. His mode of proceeding was to begin at what the paper calculator would call the wrong end, *i. e.*, with the highest denominations instead of the lowest units—thus, in fact, sacrificing almost all the supposed assistance of a radix of notation, and practically turning simple into compound arithmetic. The reason of this is obvious. All modes of calculation consist of splitting up the problem to be solved into a number of simpler computations, and then combining the results. When the intermediate steps of the calculation are recorded on paper, it matters not how many of them are accumulated before they are grouped together into a single total. But in mental reckoning the great difficulty is, not in effecting the separate calculations, but in retaining in the memory a large number of independent results, all of which have to be used in making up the ultimate solution of the question proposed. By the method which Mr. Babbage, and indeed all mental calculators, employ, the multiplications and additions go on concurrently, and the mind is never burdened with retaining a long list of disconnected figures. But by this process all the advantages of indicating the value of a figure by its position in the scale are abandoned for the sake of getting over the otherwise insuperable difficulty of working one subsidiary calculation, and at the same time retaining in the mind half-a-dozen or more of the partial results previously arrived at.

Any one who doubts the utter inutility of a scale of notation in mental calculation, may satisfy himself of the fact by a very few simple examples. Thus, to multiply mentally 221 by 14 is at least as troublesome as to multiply 2*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.* by the same number, although the figures are the same, and the supposed assistance of a scale of notation is obtained in the former case, and not in the latter. The only benefit, therefore, to be derived from the use of decimal coins and measures is, that it would facilitate computations on paper. There is no doubt that the addition, multiplication, &c., of numbers expressed in any continuous scale of notation is a more expeditious process than when they are stated in pounds, shillings, and pence. But it should not be forgotten that, without any interference with the coinage, the use of decimals is quite possible in commercial accounts. The only obstacle is the labour of reducing every sum to decimals of a pound, or to pence, or to some other single denomination, before setting it down in the day-book or ledger. The saving of this amount of trouble is all that the advocates of decimal coinage propose to effect by a change which would be useless for the purposes of mental calculation, and injurious so far as the convenience of retail transactions is concerned. It is worth while, therefore, to consider what would be the extent of the trouble of using decimals in accounts, while the present coinage is retained for other purposes. This would, after the habit was once acquired, be much less than is commonly supposed. Take any sums, say 12*5l.* 18*s.* 7*d.*, or 257*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.* If these were reduced to decimals of a pound by the orthodox practice according to Cocker, the pence would have to be divided by twelve, added to the shillings, then divided by twenty, and added to the pounds. This, of course, would be an intolerably long proceeding to go through before entering an item in a book of accounts. But a much simpler process would be adopted. In the first place, the pounds, and the even shillings or florins, can be converted into decimals by inspection, without anything that can be called calculation at all.

Thus:—

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{£}125 \text{ } 18 \text{ } 7 = \text{£}125 \text{ } 9 \text{ } + \text{ } 7 \text{ } d. \\ \text{£}257 \text{ } 19 \text{ } 3 = \text{£}257 \text{ } 9 \text{ } + \text{ } 18 \text{ } 3 \text{ } d. \end{array}$$

The conversion of the 7*d.* and the 18*s.* 3*d.*, if done by calculation, would take a little time; but it would be no great addition to the educational labours of a clerk to get up by rote the value, in decimals of a pound (or mills), of all sums from 1*d.* up to 2*l.* What difficulty would there be in learning off the following short table?

d.	m.	s.	d.	m.
1	=	1	=	13
2	=	2	=	14
3	=	3	=	15
4	=	4	=	16
5	=	5	=	17
6	=	6	=	18
7	=	7	=	19
8	=	8	=	20
9	=	9	=	21
10	=	10	=	22
11	=	11	=	23
12	=	12	=	24
		2	=	100

But after having mastered this very simple business, the conversion of £ s. d. into mills, or £ decimals, would be effected by writing at the end of the value of pounds and florins the equivalent for the remaining portion of the sum to be reduced, as furnished by the above table. Thus in the examples which we have already taken—

$$\begin{aligned} \text{£}125 \quad 18 \quad 7 &= \text{£}125.929 \\ \text{£}257 \quad 19 \quad 3 &= \text{£}257.962 \end{aligned}$$

—would be written down as fast as the pen could form the figures; and all the advantages of decimal computation would be gained without any appreciable sacrifice of time or any addition to the labours of accountants, beyond the preliminary task of getting up a short and easy table. If it is desired to be accurate as far as farthings, it would only be necessary to add one to the number of mills for each farthing in the sum to be reduced.

When all the proposed benefits of the decimal coinage can be thus easily secured by the commercial classes without interfering with the coinage at all, it does seem unfair to embarrass retail dealings with dimes, cents, and mills, merely for the sake of relieving schoolboys and accountants from the trouble of making themselves familiar with a table the length of which is but one-sixth of the common multiplication table—which tradition, it is true, has branded as "vexation," but which most boys know well enough before they are ten years old. Even the slight trouble of reducing moneys to their value in mills would, after a time, be saved in the majority of transactions, because, when once the decimal mode of keeping accounts became general, wholesale prices would commonly be stated in this form, while the £ s. d. notation would be retained in our shops and retail markets. Upon the whole, we think that the decimal party has not made out a sufficient case for change, and that the discussion which Lord Overstone's queries will raise is likely to prove fatal to the project altogether.

LADY ASHBURTON.

ON Tuesday last, the mortal remains of Lady Ashburton were laid in the family vault of the little village church of Northington. It is not fit that a lady whose least distinctions were those which she owed to her high social position and rank, should pass away with only such a notice as is bestowed on others who have nothing but these to illustrate them. And perhaps it is the more needful that something should be said of Lady Ashburton, because hers was a character which anxiously withdrew from the common gaze its most precious and its best. In her dread of anything unreal, in her hatred of every pretence, she carried perhaps to excess the English tendency to shut up from the world what is deepest in the heart, and lies the nearest to it. And thus many may have lived in her presence for years, and seen in her (for this they could not help seeing) a noble English lady, admired in her qualities which were patent to all—her knowledge at once so extensive and so solid—her wit so bright and piercing, that might have wounded so deeply, and yet never was employed to wound—the promptness with which she would meet the strong, and cast her shield over the weak—her fidelity to absent friends—her scorn for everything that was mean—the lofty paths by which, as was evident, her spirit habitually travelled. They may have seen this, and supposed it to be all—hardly guessing how resolute a sense of duty, how genuine a humility, how earnest a grasp on the great truths of our Christian faith, lay beneath all this, and, indeed, constituted the central strength of her life.

On the decease of this lamented lady will probably follow, at least for the present, a dissolution of that remarkable society—such, assuredly, as at the present day no other English house could boast—which from year to year assembled at the Grange, and which owed, in great part, to her truthfulness and sincerity, its singular freedom from the faults which the gathering together into a single focus of so much of the wit, the genius, the rank, and the reputation of England might easily have engendered. Endowed, indeed, as Lady Ashburton was with the rarest gifts of intellect, such as enabled her without an effort to maintain her place with the first and foremost of those who were gathered round her—often to hold the scales as an arbitress between them—willing to owe nothing to the accidents of her position—she may not at all times have been quite forgiven by those of her own sex for the possession and manifestation of those transcendent powers. Yet of men it may be confidently said that each, in the measure of that which was high and noble in himself, felt himself drawn to her; and thus, in addition to those who claimed, and by saddest right, the chief share in the sorrows of last Tuesday, there were also gathered in that rustic

churchyard another company of mourners, with grief in its measure as sincere, and these numbering among them more than one whose name and fame are entwined with England's language and literature for ever.

And yet, at a moment like this, we love to recal rather the simpler virtues of one who, amid many temptations—many snares which the world spread for her feet—retained always her liveliest, heartiest interest in the poor, above all in her own poor, and in whatever would promote their comfort, and their moral well-being. She would postpone any engagement of pleasure to the calls of duty which they made upon her; her latest thought and interests, so far as they belonged to earth, were with her villagers; and she was followed to the grave by a great multitude of them, who mourned in her the benefactress and the friend.

THE TRIAL OF THE BACONS.

ON Wednesday and Thursday last, one of those dreadful tragedies which interrupt the general monotony of civilized society formed the subject of a trial at the Old Bailey, which is remarkable rather for the almost supernatural horror of the circumstances which it brought to light, than for any technical legal points involved in it. A man named Bacon, and his wife were indicted for the murder of their two infant children, at Lambeth, on the 29th of December last. Bacon was a smith, and being employed on some work at Reigate, went on Sunday, the 28th, with his wife to a woman named Munro, whom he asked to spend the following day with her in his absence. She agreed to do so. On the Monday morning, Bacon went to his work, and in the afternoon of the same day Mrs. Munro went, according to her engagement, to his house, but was unable to get admittance. The house was locked up all through the Monday, and one of the neighbours heard a noise, as of a cradle being rocked, at about 6 A.M.; but none of them heard the children cry during the day, though they were usually—especially the younger child—remarkably fretful. Bacon himself attracted the attention of his fellow-workmen throughout the day by the absence and confusion of his manner. He "seemed totally unable to do his work, threw down his tools, and did not seem to know what he was about." At about one on the Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Munro and her mother again went towards Bacon's house, and met Mrs. Bacon in the street near it. She showed no emotion at all, but had her rent-book and half a sovereign in her hand, and said she was going to pay her rent. She then went on, as if it were the most commonplace thing in the world, to observe that some one had got into the house by the back window, killed the two children, and cut her throat, and that she was going to pay her rent, and tell her landlord. The women hereupon went back with her to her house, and there they found the body of the boy in a chair in the back room with his throat cut. The little girl's body was lying on the floor upstairs in the same condition. From their appearance, the surgeon considered that they must have been dead for upwards of twenty-four hours, which would seem to indicate that they had been killed before Bacon went to his work on the Monday morning. The horror of a story does not depend upon the dignity of the actors in it, and we do not think that *Æschylus* himself ever imagined a more ghastly scene than must have been presented in that mean house in the midst of all the commonplaces of London life, whilst the mother was, for considerably more than a day, going about her ordinary domestic duties—cleaning the house, eating, drinking, and sleeping, in the presence of the bodies of her children, frightfully mangled by her own hands—and the father was attending to his ordinary employments, oppressed by the knowledge of the event.

The story told by Mrs. Bacon was obviously untrue; for the dust on the window-sill of the room was undisturbed, the window was fastened on the inside, there were no traces of footsteps on the soft mould under the window, and the injuries on her neck—which bore the mark of a cord and several superficial cuts—were such as could hardly have been inflicted by any other person than herself, unless she had been perfectly passive in the whole transaction. The large quantity of blood found upon her night-dress seemed to point to her as the person who had committed the act. This was so strongly felt at the time that she alone was taken into custody, whilst her husband was left free. The poor man, who seems at all events to have been fond of his wife and children, employed his time in attempting to make evidence which would support her story, that the murder had been committed by a robber. One of his relatives told him that he could not think that any stranger would have committed the murder unless he had also robbed the house; and acting upon this hint, Bacon informed the police that his house had been robbed of clothes, a watch, and some money, part of which was a 5*l.* note, which he said he had received from the London and Westminster Bank. In order to support this story, he went down to Stamford to ask a tailor there, who made his clothes for him, to say that he had made him a great-coat, telling him not to mention the application; and he also threw away his watch, and either bought or borrowed another in the place of it. The watch was picked up near the house and identified; the tailor of course mentioned his conversation; and the notes which he had received from the London and Westminster Bank were all traced to persons who had received them from the prisoner himself. Whilst Bacon was incurring suspicion by inventing this series of falsehoods, his wife was undergoing examinations on remand, and at one of

them she suddenly wrote a letter, in which she declared that she was innocent, and that Bacon himself had cut the throats of the children. He appeared horror-struck at the charge, and was immediately taken into custody upon it. It deserves notice, as a solecism in the criminal law, that this statement of his wife, which was not legal evidence against him for the purposes of his trial, should have been allowed to be sufficient evidence to justify his apprehension and committal—and that not by an ignorant country justice, but by an experienced London magistrate, who probably was legally justified in acting as he did. There were a few other circumstances which were put in evidence against Bacon, but they came to very little. For example, some blood was found on his clothes, and a cut on his finger, of which he gave contradictory accounts; and he made a statement, which was supposed to amount to a confession, but which, on cross-examination of the witness who reported it, appeared to have been an exclamation perfectly consistent with entire innocence, and, so far as it went, told rather in his favour than otherwise.

The defence on the part of Mrs. Bacon was that of madness; and though such a defence is often deserving of the greatest suspicion, there can, we think, be no doubt that it was satisfactorily established in this instance that the woman was quite incapable of forming any opinion as to the moral character of the act which she undoubtedly committed. She had been in confinement in a madhouse—her madness had come on after, and probably in consequence of, the birth of her second child. No sort of motive was suggested for the act, and the unnatural indifference which was displayed by her during the whole transaction, and we may add during the trial, was such that it impressed those to whom she first told the story, the medical men who examined the bodies of the children, and the persons who heard her trial, with the feeling that she was of unsound mind. It is remarkable that a person so circumstanced should have given two accounts of the transaction—both intended apparently to serve as denials of her own guilt, and both false. These facts may be said to prove that she knew that in killing her children she was doing wrong, and thence it may be inferred that the established legal doctrine that such knowledge is the test of responsibility (not, as it is sometimes falsely stated to be, of sanity) is fallacious. In our opinion such an inference would be unwarrantable. The question whether the prisoner knew the act to be wrong at the time is, like any other question, a question of fact; and though undoubtedly the statements in question are some evidence that some time after the committing of the act Mrs. Bacon knew that it was wrong, the inference which would arise from this is far overbalanced by the contrary presumption afforded by the circumstances of the transaction—the indifference of the woman after it was over, and the frequent connexion which experience has shown to exist between child-bearing and those vehement (and for the moment irresistible) tendencies to destroy the lives of children which would entirely prevent a mind previously shattered by illness from estimating the nature of the act done. The soundness of the legal doctrine is apparent from the consideration that if the children had been illegitimate—if the woman's husband had first discovered the fact—if the mother's conduct after the crime had been more natural, and her attempts at concealment more studied and less transparently false—it would have been a very poor answer indeed to the accusation to say that some months before she had been confined for a short time in a madhouse.

Bacon's conduct throughout is fully explained by the hypothesis that he wished to shield his wife. It is an impressive lesson as to the dangers of falsehood. The acquittal of both of the prisoners was justified to a certain extent after the trial, by the confession of Mrs. Bacon to the chaplain during its continuance (as we understood), that she alone was guilty. As, however, it was her third account of the transaction, it is impossible to place much reliance upon the statement.

Bacon, as our readers may be aware, is still in custody on the charge of having murdered his mother, on which he will take his trial at the next assizes. Whether he is innocent or guilty of that crime, his career is one of the most extraordinary on record. He was tried and acquitted for arson in burning his own house about a year ago. He has now been acquitted of the murder of his children; and if he should be acquitted of the murder of his mother, the result will be, that a crime committed four years back will have been brought to light, and no doubt to punishment, by a false suspicion of a somewhat similar crime committed upwards of three years afterwards. If it should be suggested, by way of defence to the latter charge, that the homicidal madness of the wife was the cause of it, and if that defence should succeed, we shall have seen in real life an exact repetition of the fearful story which forms the plot of *Jane Eyre*. The horror of a union with a person who, in successive fits of madness, murders her husband's mother, his and her own children, and sets fire to his house, is as great as that which hung over the family of Thyestes. On the other hand, if the wife's madness should be the instrument of discovering the past guilt of the husband by means of the death of his children, we shall witness one of those fearful instances of a retributive vengeance overtaking the evildoer, which may not be capable of being reduced to any very logical form, but which speak in tones of thunder to the imaginations of mankind.

JUDICIAL DIGNITY.

THERE is probably no part of the community which stands so high in the estimation of the rest as the Judges. They occupy a position to which, so far as we are aware, there is nothing analogous in any other country. The Judges in France are inferior to the more distinguished members of the bar, both in acquirements and in consideration; and the application of the principle of popular election to a function for which it is utterly unsuited effectually lowers the character of the great proportion of the judicial body in the United States. In England, everything combines to invest the Bench with dignity and importance. Historical associations connected with all the most striking periods of our history, vast powers of indirect legislation, a position completely independent both of the public at large and of the Executive Government, and the vast prestige which such a state of things creates, make the fifteen Judges one of the most dignified, as they are unquestionably one of the most important, parts of the body politic. The maintenance of this high character is a matter in which the public at large are deeply interested; and no one will deny that, with hardly any exceptions, it is maintained in an unimpeachable manner. Our strong impression of the truth of these considerations leads us to submit to the Lord Chief Justice, with all respect, a few remarks upon a habit to which he occasionally gives way, which seems to us not easily reconcilable with what is due to the high position he holds.

In the morning papers of Tuesday last we find a report of the trial of a man who was convicted of selling improper publications, in which the following remarks fell from Lord Campbell, in answer to a plea of ignorance on the part of the defendant:—"It was no excuse for him to say that he also sold the *Household Words* and other publications of a most interesting, moral, instructive, and beautiful character, for which the country was indebted to Mr. Charles Dickens."

If this had been a solitary instance, it would, no doubt, have been trivial enough; but it is a sample of a kind of language in which his Lordship habitually indulges himself—the strongest instances of which were, perhaps, the famous outburst of Protestant zeal by which he incurred the applause of the audience in the Achilli case, and the marvellous reference to Mr. Dickens's letter on the execution of the Mannings, with which he entertained the House of Lords during a motion for the abolition of public executions. The common feature of all such extrajudicial solemnities is, that they flatter popular prejudices of the most vulgar kind—prejudices by which it is quite impossible to suppose that a man of Lord Campbell's grasp and depth of understanding should be deluded. Is it conceivable, for example—to take the last manifestation of the kind—that Lord Campbell should really feel so strongly the excellence of the morality of Mr. Dickens's publications as to be called upon to go out of his way to puff them from the Bench? Will he look at the last number of *Little Dorrit*, and point out one single passage which can be likely to have any good effect whatever on man, woman, or child? Are we to understand that Lord Campbell's deliberate opinion is, that wholesale attacks upon every institution of the country—upon Parliament, the Law Courts, and the Executive Government—are moral and improving reading? Does he think that men would be likely to be made better citizens and more loyal subjects, by seeing the whole framework of the Constitution reviled as clumsy, stupid, and futile, and held up to derision in comparison with Russia? Does the Lord Chief Justice of England—"sitting in his seat, doing his office"—mean to declare officially, the excellence of writings which unquestionably fall within the definition of libels on the Constitution? "It is a very strange doctrine," remarked Chief Justice Holt, "to say that it is not a libel reflecting on the Government, endeavouring to possess the people that the Government is mal-administered by corrupt persons." Is it not the principal effort of Mr. Dickens's novel to spread that impression as widely as possible? Does he not represent the whole of the public service as one mass of folly and corruption? And however inexpedient it may be to notice such publications as libellous, is it not indecent actually to praise them from one of the highest and most dignified positions in the land? An immoral print, or a grossly indecent newspaper, is, no doubt, a very bad thing indeed, and those who are convicted of selling such things richly deserve the punishment which befalls them. But it does not follow that a publication is moral because it is not filthy, or even because it is popular; and it is impossible not to feel regret that the sentimental rose-water view of life should have received such a certificate of its moral tendency from so high an authority. Whatever may be the merits of *Household Words*, a great public functionary ought to hesitate before going out of his way to compliment the author of *Little Dorrit*.

We feel the greater regret at the defect to which we have adverted, because it dims a reputation which would otherwise stand higher in its own sphere than that of any other living man—if we except Lord Lyndhurst. Whatever may be the defects of Lord Campbell's literary career—and they are neither few nor unimportant—no one can appreciate his substantial judicial excellences more highly than ourselves. It is almost impossible to speak too strongly of his intellectual and physical endowments. No man now on the Bench can compare with him either in force of understanding or in knowledge of law, whilst his capacity for undergoing fatigue is altogether extraordinary. If

he could be content to rest his claims to public applause on these unquestionable and invaluable gifts, no one would command a larger share of it; but like many other persons who go out of their way to court the good opinion of their neighbours, he defeats his own object. Those who are able to appreciate his great qualities are grieved and mortified by his occasional weakness, and those whom he condescends to gratify at the expense of his dignity are not the kind of people whose favour any man can hope to retain, or whose applause any wise man would wish to enjoy.

THE JUDGES OF THE PUBLIC OFFICES' COMPETITION.

THE exhibition of the designs for the Public Offices has been followed by the appointment of the judges. These are seven in number, and, with the exception of one professional architect, they are all men of various claims to distinction—no one of the varieties happening to be the study of architecture as a practical and scientific question. The first name in the order of rank is that of the Duke of Buccleuch, a man universally respected and beloved for his private character, but in no way prominent for artistic taste or knowledge. Lord Stanhope is, as every one knows, President of the Society of Antiquaries—a position he has well earned by his assiduous devotion to historical and documentary questions. Lately, too, he has persuaded the Legislature to undertake in earnest the formation of a national Portrait Gallery. For all these qualifications he deserves our gratitude, but they no way prove his capacity to adjudicate, not on portraits and State Papers, but upon the more material topics of stone, and timber, and marble. Lord Eversley has won an historical reputation as Speaker, and will, we do not doubt, devote to this adjudication that masculine sense which he has hitherto shown in every position into which he has been thrown. Moreover, his long experience in office must have given him a close insight into the practical economics of administration. Mr. Stirling's knowledge of Spanish paintings is undoubted; and, in his *Cloister Life of Charles V.* he has won something more than an ephemeral fame as an historical writer of the miniature school. Mr. Roberts stands at the head of our architectural painters, and is therefore in a position of direct disadvantage when called upon to deal with buildings in their scientific, and not their pictorial character. Mr. Burn is a Scotch architect, of considerable practice in building country houses in the local style of Scotland, but certainly not one of the magnates of his profession, while Mr. Brunel ranks among our greatest engineers.

We should have been very sorry to see the tribunal restricted to architectural amateurs. An infusion of members of the present body would have been accepted by the public as an earnest of a large and intelligent spirit. For example, Lord Eversley would have been hailed by all as a chairman alike dignified and useful, and Mr. Stirling would have gracefully represented the fine arts in kindred branches. But still, architecture itself had the first claim to representation, not in the person of a single professional man, but of more than one amateur. With all Mr. Burn's merits, he is not the arbiter to whom the heads of the profession, supposing them to be competing, would by preference defer, while engineering and surveying ought to have been represented, not by members of the judicial body, but by assessors. As it is, the tribunal cannot command popular respect. The veriest tyro will see the absurdity of a tribunal of amateurs to adjudicate on architectural matters, containing not one single architectural amateur.

With reference to two members of the body, grounds of special disqualification exist, to which we would not willingly allude if we could avoid the topic. But in the interests of a great national work, we are constrained to say, that—through thoughtlessness, we trust, or ignorance—Sir Benjamin Hall has gratuitously gone out of his way to place the Duke of Buccleuch and Mr. Burn in a distressing and untenable position. That the Duke—one of the most high-minded and deservedly popular men in England—could for one instant be a party to any but the most patriotic and self-denying course, we do not believe; but this is no reason for overlooking, in his case, a palpable disqualification of a local character. To explain our meaning, we must refer to the year 1854, when Mr. Disraeli's ludicrous haste to hit a blot in the Aberdeen Administration led to the publication of a remarkable series of letters relative to the renewal of the lease of Montague House, the Duke's town residence. On July 27 of that year, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, on a supply night, taxed Mr. Gladstone with the proceeding, and very correctly denounced it in the interest of the rebuilding of the public offices—at the same time pluming himself on having resisted it while in office. Mr. Gladstone, in reply, regretted the step, and promised to look into the facts. The very next night Mr. Disraeli rose again, not to recant his criticism, but to own himself the culprit. It seemed that, in his last days of power, the austere virtue of the Derby Administration had melted away, and the fatal lease was granted.

As might have been supposed, the papers relative to this transaction were called for and printed. The earliest in date is a Report from the Woods and Forests to the Treasury, dated 1850, and signed by the then Commissioners, Lord Seymour and Mr. Kennedy. It stated that that body had hitherto opposed the Duke of Buccleuch's requests for a renewal of his lease, on the ground of the area being possibly required, either for public offices or the rebuilding of Westminster Bridge; but that, as the

latter question seemed to have been set at rest by two Committees of the House, they now recommended the request to be granted. This recommendation was met by a brief and decided refusal from Mr. Hayter on behalf of the Treasury, and the matter slumbered for nearly two years, till the Derby Government came into office. At that epoch, the Duke of Buccleuch's solicitor applied to the Woods and Forests for the renewal of the lease, and for some abatement in the rent in consequence of Montague House having become liable to rates. Mr. Gore, then First Commissioner of Woods and Forests (which department had in the meanwhile been separated from the Public Works), again recommended the renewal of the lease—taking as his ground that the verdict of the two Committees upon the non-removal of Westminster Bridge had been confirmed by a Commission, and adding that, although Montague House was too small, yet the Duke was unwilling to spend money on it while the main question was unsettled. The reply from the Treasury, dated September 8, 1852, bears the signature of its then secretary, Mr. G. A. Hamilton, and deserves particular notice. That gentleman observes that if Westminster Bridge had been the only obstacle, the request would not have been refused. But "*adverting to the other point raised in the Report of the Commissioners of Woods, of the 7th October, 1850—viz., the probable exigencies of the public service in regard to the accommodation required for public offices—my Lords are of opinion that it would be inexpedient to deprive Her Majesty's Government of the opportunity of considering that important question, when the site at present occupied by Montague House will be available on the expiration of the present lease, and they must decline, therefore, to sanction the proposed extension of the term.*" Such was the calm judgment of the then Government in September. In December, while it was in its death throes, it altered its mind, and reversed the refusal. This change of purpose is announced in a letter of Mr. Hamilton's, of December 11th, judiciously destitute of arguments. The signing of the Treasury minute, confirming the second and worse thought, was of course a merely ministerial act, and it devolved upon Mr. Gladstone. Two years later, Mr. Disraeli, the Minister who had really, and Mr. Gladstone, the Minister who had nominally granted the renewal, both rose in the House of Commons to express their repentance for the inconsiderate step, and the House and the country concurred in the regret.

It would be an understatement of the case not to add, that universal feeling has decided that Montague House and gardens ought to be resumed by the State towards the scheme for rebuilding the public offices. And yet Sir Benjamin Hall has nominated the nobleman who, with great difficulty, obtained the renewal of the lease of Montague House, as one of the judges of the Public Office competition. The architect who was designated to rebuild Montague House was Mr. Burn; and Sir Benjamin Hall has appointed Mr. Burn another of those judges, as the sole and single representative of architecture upon that architectural tribunal. We trust that those who have made this notable mistake will not attempt to bolster it up by saying that the area involved in the present competition does not call for the sacrifice of Montague House. No one who is not wilfully blind can fail to see that even Sir Benjamin Hall's idea would be benefited by that demolition. No one who is not wilfully deaf can shut his ears to the crying injustice of a choice of judges which may be regarded as a roundabout attempt to stultify the strongly expressed opinion of the public at large and of all thinking men on the matter, and serve to drive the world into taking Sir Benjamin Hall's scheme of new public offices, or going altogether without them.

We neither blame the Duke nor Mr. Burn, but we think they made a great mistake in accepting their nomination. Moreover, one of the reasons which led to the renewal of the lease—the supposed settlement of the Westminster Bridge site—has been particularly and ostentatiously re-opened by Sir Benjamin Hall himself, as a subsidiary feature of his ill-jointed competition. A new site for that bridge is one of the points which the block-plans are invited to show; and any architect may, if he pleases, select Montague House as his position. The whole matter is another proof of that fatal error of which, from the first, we forewarned the Minister of Works, as likely to wreck his otherwise grand scheme—the mistake of settling in an office, and then dictating to the public, the site for the new buildings, instead of making the point a subject of full and free inquiry previous to the demand for an architectural competition.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

IS there any law in virtue of which art has its periods—its alternate volcanic successions of activity and repose? The fact seems to be so in various fields. There was a general outbreak of poetry in the beginning of the present century; and we remember a more recent *deccennium* which scarcely produced a tolerable versifier. Last year exhibited a marked and palpable advance in every style of painting. The present exhibition in Trafalgar-square is notoriously and notably a retrograde one. It is not that there are no good pictures on the Academy walls this year; but whereas, in 1856, the whole plateau of art seemed to be elevated bodily, and a large number of the works exhibited—almost perhaps a majority—displayed some noticeable element, either of success or promise in real art, in 1857 there is hardly a

picture of unquestionable power. The greater artists are below themselves; and tedious insipidity and an utter absence of mind and thought characterize the crowd. The upheaving has been followed by a more than compensating subsidence. Were we disposed to be fanciful on the subject, we might connect all higher intellectual development—painting, of course, included—with the general state of the national mind. A time of war and political convulsion tells on every department of the mind—it stimulates all the higher faculties. The writer, the painter, and the poet are each fired and stirred in his own special pursuit of art by the general excitement. We are now suffering from the collapse, and the reaction tells everywhere. It has been noticed that the fiercest faction-fights of Italy were actually favourable to art-culture, and that high art was cradled amid Guelf and Ghibelline seditions; and there is a deep and true connection between the dull mediocrity of Trafalgar-square and the apathy with which, sated with political strife, we survey and encourage the easy indifference of Downing-street.

Another and more special cause of this untoward decadence of art is to be found in the uncertainty which of late has been introduced into art-criticism. Ruskinism and anti-Ruskinism have grown fiercer in their conflict during the last year; and we suspect that a period of art-controversy is eminently unfavourable for art production. Literature became petrified when the sophists arose. Art has been chilled, and its blossoms frozen off, by the bitter east winds of controversy. Artists who have a name have, in some cases, been frightened from the Academy walls, for fear of certain biting gales from Denmark-hill; and struggling aspirants, quite as timid, and even more conscientious, have been so scared by the din of arms and the conflict of theories, that they have begun to despair of understanding their own pursuit. We have lectured, and scolded, and criticized our painters, till they are fairly muddled and mystified; and Mr. Ruskin, the critic, and the critics of the critic, have, between them, frightened poor shrinking art out of its senses. Protestant and Papist have disputed and argued about the doctrine of infallibility till religion is fairly hustled off the stage. And so it comes to pass that art starves while we are wrangling about its proper dietary.

Mr. Millais—to take the artist whose pictures, for reasons which probably would little satisfy him, draw the largest crowds in the Exhibition—has, if he knew it, most reason to complain of his critics. If this great artist ever fails entirely—a contingency which is quite possible—we shall unhesitatingly charge his ruin upon his eulogists. Mr. Ruskin, and the silly people who ape his fiery fanaticism with their own dull cant, will have something to answer for in hardening this great painter's originality into affectation, his sense of power into frigid conceit, and his boldness into insolence. We are not quite sure that he has not already attained these unenviable qualities. But the critic who taught us that "Peace Concluded" was already "among the world's best masterpieces" must bear the blame if Mr. Millais waxes fat and kicks. A wonderful colourist he is, and perhaps ever must be; but there is a tendency in the exclusive devotion to colour to sacrifice the purer and severer qualities of art. Colour is sensuous; and we think we perceive a lowering of the moral tone of Millais' pictures. The "Sir Isumbras" (283) is, in invention, rather of the Lower Empire sort of eloquence. It is the *conchetto* rather than the epic muse which speaks. The wonderful power which could execute the opaline splendours of that purple and glowing calm of autumn's sweet decay in the background, can hardly atone for the impertinent defiance of common sense which is presented in the plum-coloured brute which the knight bestrides. If, as we believe, the patient study of weeks has been given to the truthful elaboration of the bundle of sticks, every fibre and moss-patch of which is worked out with conscientious truthfulness, what is to be said of that perversity of feeling which deliberately selects a rocking-horse, and an ugly rocking-horse too, for a model? Why should a man attempt at once to combine the sign-painter and the illuminator? The peacock's feather plume, the velvet and embroidery, are worked out with the splendour and precision of Mabuse. The hazy mist of the soft Scotch evening is, perhaps, a little out of keeping with the subject, which, as far as its literature indicates, we suppose takes place in somewhat more southern climes, but is eminently beautiful; and the knight's countenance and expression—which is that of a calm, kind, grizzled, but very commonplace man, with a grin, rather than a sedate, heroic smile on his ugly and wrinkled features, is in harmony with the soft repose and richness of the scenery. But we observe certain carelessnesses in those very particulars for which this artist's eulogists have considered him impeccable. The tuft of decaying reeds is false in fact—reeds never die in a running stream in this upstanding fashion. They rot off by decay from below, and the whole tuft never in water wears this dead and compact form. The bunch has been painted from a land grass, not from a specimen *in situ*. In the girl's blue necklace, the light points on each bead are—the criticism is an old one—all central, which is both optically untrue and especially with a westering sun, untrue in colour as well as light. We profess ourselves unable to understand this young lady's connexion with the bundle of rushes. We do not see that she holds them, or that, as in the boy's case, they are tied to her back. And the intense moony stare of this girl just steps over the line of the sublime—intensity has passed off into idiocy. If less has been attempted with the scared boy, more, perhaps, has been gained; and excepting the usual exaggeration

in the inflamed heels and unpleasant toes of the pair—a peculiarity towards which Mr. Millais feels like a chiropodist—there is much that is delightful in the execution of this picture. We say nothing of the stupid nuns in the background, who, reasonably enough, seem only astonished at the portentous size of the maroon "destrere." But was the subject worth all this treatment? What does it tell? What is its moral truth? We believe that there are profound critics who discover, or fancy they discover, a world of allegory and sentiment in this picture. The knight is Chivalry, with its grand religious work achieved, melting into the simpler charities of common life—the autumnal scene symbolizes the decay of ancient faith—the ford replacing the broken bridge has something to do with Private Judgment, wading through the shallows and depths of controversy when the king's or pope's highway has broken down—and so on. We hardly think the painter had all this deep and esoteric meaning. It seems to us that the picture has a much more prosaic origin, that it was painted first and its allegory elaborated afterwards, and rather that its painter remembered Albert Durer's "Knight and Death," of which this piece is, in thought, almost a replication. He exaggerates the old German's ugly horse, repeats his coarse clumsy sixteenth-century (and most inappropriate) armour, and, fresh from the study of Fouqué's inexplicable romance, replaces "Death and the Little Master"—those two queerest and most unintelligible of allegories—by this tale of Sir Isumbras and the two children at the ford. The forest valley of horrors is replaced by the quiet river, the spiritual temptation by the domestic scene, and the mystical Teutonic cavalier by an elderly grazier with a starved greybeard. This, we believe, is all that Millais meant, which, perhaps, is as much or little as Albert Durer meant. But where he got this scene from Sir Isumbras, we know not. Certainly the whole sixteenth century and Teutonic character of the accessories is quite out of character with Sir Isumbras, who could not have been later than the Crusades. And we venture to ask, in what edition of Sir Isumbras do the quotation in the catalogue and the incident painted occur? Sir Isumbras is a romance originally, we suppose, written in Romance or Norman, but of the time of the Crusades—an incident of it occurring in that Eastern repertory which is known as the Arabian Nights' tales. The English version is preserved at Lincoln, and has been reprinted in the Thornton Romances by Halliwell. But there is not one word of Mr. Millais' quotation in it, nor an incident at all like that which he has painted. Sir Isumbras, in the romance, is a proud knight, who is visited for his sin of pride by every possible judgment from heaven. Like Job, he loses houses, lands, children, and, unlike the patriarch, his wife; and there is an incident of a ford. Sir Isumbras, who, amongst his losses, lost his horse, on one occasion fords a river with his three children, over which he carries them in his arms, one by one. They are boys, and the first is carried off by a lion, the second by a leopard, &c.; but the incident of the knight on horseback carrying over two peasant children does not occur in the romance of Sir Isumbras at all. Nor is there a word about "Launcivall the Graund Destrere," &c. &c., nor of such stuff as "lift us up for Marie's grace!" And we venture to think that the *quidlibet audendi potestas* accorded to painters, scarcely justifies what looks very like a literary forgery—and that somewhat of the clumsiest. The antique is a very modern one, and the catalogue scribe neither in metre nor language reproduces any existing romance. It is clever, but a mere imitation, and is not much more than two centuries wrong in style. All this we think has to be accounted for—at present "Sir Isumbras at the Ford" looks like an attempt on the public credulity.

We have not much patience with 408, "The Escape of a Heretic, 1559." It is of the type of the "Release" and the "Huguenot"—with the same brilliant facility and general harmony of colour, but with no other excellence redeeming its unpleasantness of subject. Character has here simply degenerated into caricature—expression into gesticulation. We are told to admire the inimitable hissing "Hush" which is spirited out of the disguised cavalier's protruded lips; and we are assured that the lack-lustre gaze, open mouth, and updrawn eyes of the rescued "heretic," convey to the most impenetrable the pleasant suggestion of surprised deliverance. We are probably like Launce's dog, stony-hearted and unimpressible; but to ourselves the picture tells no tale at all, except, perhaps, that of a raving madman, infuriated by brandy, offering to kiss a young woman evidently tottering under the influence of opium or constitutional imbecility—which may well be, seeing that she is a woman, and not the only one of the artist's females, without any tangible body or the finer suggestions of her sex. As usual, she is a miracle of ugliness, and just as unlike a Spanish girl as possible. We admit the truthfulness of the silk-embroidered sleeve of the cavalier, and the powerful rendering of his hair; but the crown of the head is not in its place, and the attitude of the rescuer is exaggerated and painful beyond conception, while the lady's carmine lips and rosy cheeks are not quite consistent with a sojourn in the dungeons of the Holy Inquisition. By the way—for Sir Isumbras has taught us to entertain suspicions about Mr. Millais' literature—does he guarantee the genuineness of the *documentos relativos*, &c. &c.? We very much suspect that in both cases the authorities are *ex post facto*. We shall not waste our time on this artist's other picture, the innocent little bit of very common claptrap (No. 50), "News from Home."

Mr. Dyce's picture (107) we place, of its class, at the top of the list. Not that the subject is of uniformly wide or general

interest. The story, perhaps, tells itself; but, as a story, it is of scarcely dignity enough for what, in many respects, is one of the immortal pictures. When an artist paints so little as Mr. Dyce—*βαία μὲν, ἀλλὰ ῥόδα*—we have a right to require that his pictures should be of large and telling interest. The incident in Titian's early life is pretty, and it is told with power and pathos, but it is slight. In the way of execution, we have here real Italian feeling, the utmost refinement and delicacy of handling, and an exquisite tenderness of sentiment. This is Italian, while Millais is German, and Wallis Flemish. The figure of Titian is slight and attenuated, with a reminiscence of the austere and earlier schools of North Italy, which elongated the limbs and features; but the embarrassed and somewhat painful attitude of the glorious boy brings out very significantly the struggle, at present unsuccessful, but, therefore to be pursued, of art wrestling with nature, and compelling the great blessing. The promise of that exuberant spring-tide, and its depth of cool green, symbolizes the young artist's promise. The green is of the hardest, and its coolness is well nigh cold. Notice the exquisite flesh-tints and clusters of hair, worked out with a precision which is not hard, and the velvet and silk with a truthfulness, yet power of signaling the masses of drapery, which marks the inestimable difference between the appreciation of rich garments possessed by an artist and a mercer. Above all, study the flowers and grasses, which will suffer, or even invite, the microscope, yet do not distract by their minuteness. That every leaf, almost every blade, certainly every wrinkle of the tree-trunks, is worked out with loving fidelity to fact, there can be no question. We are loth to differ from Mr. Dyce, but this very spring time can test the point on which we are at issue with him. We do not find that the tree-trunks in nature are suffused with such a green as he has painted them. They stand out in more appreciable tones of brown than in his picture, even in such cold lights as he has selected. And is there not an anachronism in the camellias? Were they introduced into Italy in Titian's time? And is not the hamper of a very nineteenth century and Covent-garden make? And if Titian drew a Madonna, did he ever find one out of a niche, and disconnected with some building? What is the authority for perching a religious statue like Vertumnus on a stump?

The next picture to Mr. Dyce's (108), "Rev. S. T. Marker and Mrs. Marker," leads us to inquire whether this ridiculous exhibition of the reverend gentleman in gown and band, making *doux yeux* with great clerical propriety to his lawful and middle-aged lady, is intended, by its sense of connubial security and serenity, to suggest a contrast, significant as well as edifying and symbolical, between the respectability of the British tie and that Transatlantic estimate of marriage which is painted in Landseer's "Uncle Tom and his Wife?" We must reserve our further criticisms for future numbers.

ART TREASURES AT MANCHESTER.

IT is no discredit to those who originated, or to those who adopted and carried out, the idea of the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester, that the limits of that magnificent collection, whether generic, geographical, or chronological, are not easy to be discerned or defined. For the same ambiguity of extent must be the necessary condition of every museum that attempts to illustrate more than one single and isolated department of study. Taking the earliest and broadest definition of art as being "practical science," it is obvious that there is no branch of human industry, as applied not merely to the refinements, but to the necessary ministrations of life, which might not contribute its "treasures" to the Crystal Palace at Old Trafford, were its distinctive title to be interpreted broadly. Of course, however, the Manchester Exhibition is meant only for the master-pieces of decorative, rather than industrial art, if we so may express a distinction more easily understood than defined. And therefore there can be no question as to the picture-galleries and the sculpture, which form the most important branches of the collection. As to these, limits of time—and perhaps of place—are alone needed. But it is otherwise with ceramic art, or the ornamental works of the carver and metallurgist. A dish is a dish, whether it be of our familiar "willow-pattern," or whether the lustre of Gubbio glorifies the design of Raffaele. Chalcies and wassail-bowls, maces and croziers, the ivory comb, the jewelled brooch, the Damascened sword-blade, or the symbolic "Pax," were the apparatus of the daily life of our forefathers—the best and most beautiful, doubtless, of their kind, but still examples no less of utility than of artistic excellence. Here, then, it seems to be hard to assign limits or to form a satisfactory classification of the heterogeneous abundance of beautiful handiworks which may fairly be called Art-Treasures. Every one knows this practically, who, having the misfortune to be what is technically called a "collector," has ever trusted himself among the temptations of Wardour-street; and "an old curiosity shop" is a common figure of speech for anything that defies assortment, or order, or intelligible principle of selection. It is no small proof of the taste and skill of the Manchester officials that they have succeeded in introducing something like methodical arrangement in the chaos of *vertù* which their indefatigable foraging parties have brought together; and it is not too much to say that majolica and ivories, enamels and *offèvrerie*, have never been more charmingly displayed, for purposes of examination, than in the goodly array of glass-cases which form Mr. Waring's special department in the nave of the Palace.

Fully alive, therefore, as we are to the difficulties of the case, it will be with no unfriendly spirit if, in our present paper on the general contents of the Exhibition, we express an opinion that some of those contents might have been advantageously excluded, to make way for other things that have a better claim to admission. The fact is, that the collection, gathered from so wide a field in so short a time, can scarcely help bearing traces of its haphazard origin. It is easy enough, when one sees the results as a whole, to perceive deficiencies or suggest amendments. But it must be remembered that this advantage was not shared by those who formed the total by borrowing the units from a thousand proprietors. Taught by the experience of this collection, who can doubt that a second exhibition might be organized still more completely and efficiently? And yet it is scarcely possible, and perhaps not desirable, to repeat the experiment. It is understood, and it might have been naturally expected, that many persons, who either were not asked for, or who hesitated to lend, their possessions in the first instance, are anxious, now that the success of the scheme is apparent, to become contributors. They are wise in this; for the fact of exhibition in Manchester in 1857, and of notice in such a catalogue as we yet hope to see compiled as an authentic record of this great art-congress, will stamp an additional value on each article of *vertù* so registered, and will always be quoted as part and parcel of its pedigree. We hope, therefore, that many such late-comers will be kindly welcomed at Manchester, and that the collection may thus become more and more complete in its educational aspect, as showing the chronological development of the several departments of ornamental art. Should space be wanting for any considerable increase of specimens—and vast as is the area of the Exhibition-building, it is by no means over-large for that "palatial" display of its contents which we have learnt to expect in these crystal fabrics—we should demur still more than we do at present to the devotion of one court to the art-products of Hindostan and China. Not but that Oriental art is, in many respects, faultlessly beautiful, and especially instructive in the delicacy of its fabrics and the exquisite adjustment of its colours (the latter a point in which modern Manchester has more to learn than in almost any other); but we fail to see on what principles these specimens have been admitted, while ancient Egypt or Etruria are absent, and while no room has been found for representatives of many other forms or ages of human civilization. We confess that we have often feared, during the progress of the undertaking, lest the too-active energy of the conductors, and the over-kind offers of influential friends, would result in the overcrowding of the collection in particular branches of art, or the inconvenient addition of fresh departments. The newspapers continually announced some new enlargement of the field to be occupied, and a plethora of subjects of illustration seemed by no means impossible. Had it not been for the lamented death of Mr. J. M. Kemble, a separate department—most interesting in itself, but not very congruous with the rest of the collection—would have been organized for Celtic and Anglo-Saxon antiquities. We must be thankful, however, for what has been provided, and not cavil at details. We make these remarks, let us repeat, not in any censorial spirit, but rather in explanation of some unavoidable inconsistencies that will be apparent when we examine, as we propose to do in the remainder of this paper, the several broad divisions of the Exhibition.

Sculpture, for example, is inadequately represented. The statues, though numerous, are exclusively modern, and almost exclusively English. We can understand why plaster casts or models were not admitted. It was needless and also hopeless to attempt to rival the rich sculpture courts at Sydenham. But surely the mansions of England must contain at least a few original specimens of ancient, if not of mediæval, sculpture—not to speak of the artists of the last century. No such examples, however, to our regret, have found their way to Manchester; and Luca della Robbia stands as the sole representative of the sculptile art of the Italy of his age, as much, we think, in virtue of his ceramic material as of his plastic design.

In ancient painting, on the other hand, it has been attempted with great success to show the chronological development of the art. The series begins with specimens of Roman fresco, and examples are given of the Byzantine conventionality upon which Cimabue and then Giotto were innovators. The collection is especially rich in works of the earliest Italian artists down to Masaccio; and from him the progress of painting can be traced in glorious succession through all the principal Cisalpine and Transalpine schools, from the zenith of Raffaele and Leonardo to the general European decay of the art in the hands of the spiritless eclectic imitators. The saloons containing this noble series, to which we hope to recur more particularly in our next number, are balanced on the opposite side of the palace by the most astonishing collection of English paintings that has ever been brought together. Here we may study our own school of pictorial art from Hogarth and his contemporaries to the present hour. And here as yet no culminating point has been reached from which a decline is traceable. A judicious weeding indeed might be most advantageously undertaken, especially in the works of living artists. But, on the whole, these courts form one of the most interesting parts of the collection, and it is delightful to renew acquaintance with so many of the works which have charmed us of late years in the successive exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

Modern foreign painting is—as yet at least—very scantily

illustrated. A few fine specimens of Ary Scheffer and Delaroche in the North Gallery, and a noble Overbeck, very ill placed in the little East Gallery, make us the more regret that this department has not been more fully organized. The British portrait gallery is *sui generis*, and possesses an historical even more than an artistic value. Watercolour drawings, engravings, and photographs, form separate divisions of high interest and beauty, and may be studied with great advantage, and with great convenience, owing to the excellent method of their hanging. The many groups embraced under the title of Ornamental Art are also admirably arranged, and so fine is the aggregate collection that the Soulaiges and Bernal specimens quite lose their distinctive importance. Here may be studied the artistic treatment of glass, and bronze, and terra cotta, and the craft of the locksmith; besides tapestry, carving, bookbinding, lacework, embroidery, and *nielli*. The exhibition of ancient furniture, however, is incomplete and inferior, and had better have been wholly abandoned. With but few exceptions, the latest revival of modern art, whether ceramic or otherwise, home or foreign, is not illustrated in this department; but the series embraces the more advanced development of the Renaissance.

The display of armour, though marvellously complete, seems to us scarcely to fall within the proper scope of the exhibition. Individual specimens of defensive or offensive arms would be thoroughly admissible on the strength of the art displayed in their ornamental design; and many very fine examples of such workmanship are included in the collection. But upon the whole we grudge the space occupied by the cumbrous lay-figures of mounted knights and men-at-arms. Incised gems, medals, enamels, and miniatures form subsidiary collections of great value and beauty. Some architectural drawings—the rejected of the Lille and Constantinople competitions—and a collection of the works of a hitherto unknown artist, whose *chef-d'œuvre* seems to be that most pretentious little Baptist meeting-house, with the twin spires of a Romanesque minster, built by Sir M. Peto in Bloomsbury—are offensively out of place, and ought to be immediately banished from the building. We say the same of a vulgar silver memorial, in the worst form of modern design, to Sir Moses Montefiore; nor would we except the foolish models of the Lord Mayor's Coach and Barge. Why, too, are Wallis's carvings, which have been seen in every exhibition since 1851, admitted here? And has not that promising artist ever succeeded in any fresh works of skill? Such things seem to us to mar either the unity or the good taste of the collection, and we strongly counsel their ejection. We have thus given a general conspectus of the contents of the Exhibition, and hope in future papers to notice the several departments more particularly.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

WHEN Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia* was first produced at Rome, in the year 1816, the audience listened with impatience, found it full of faults, and would hardly hear it to the end. The next night, they reversed their verdict, applauded it to the skies, and the work has since been universally recognised as one of its author's masterpieces—that, perhaps, of all his works which is least likely to die. It is often the strange fate of works of genius to be thus at first misunderstood and hastily condemned. In Rossini's case, however, there is some explanation in the fact that he had to contend with reminiscences of a popular opera written to the same libretto by a preceding composer, Paisiello. Disadvantageous comparisons were at first made between the florid music of Rossini and the elegant and simple style of his predecessor. However, Old Paisiello was fairly routed, and how little now is recollected of his *Barbiere*! It is curious that the comedy *Le Barbier de Seville*, by Beaumarchais, from which the operatic libretto is taken, was also severely criticised on the first night of performance, and only succeeded when it had been thoroughly remodelled by its author. Then, indeed, it rose at once above all the cavils of criticism, and, in addition to the enormous popularity which it obtained in its purely dramatic shape, was destined to achieve a secondary existence as the basis of one of the most brilliant operas which the stage possesses.

The cast with which *Il Barbier* was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday evening was as follows:—Rosina, Madame Albani; Count Almaviva, Herr Reichardt; Figaro, Signor Belletti; Doctor Bartolo, Signor Beneventano; Basilio, Signor Vialletti. That Madame Albani is qualified dramatically to represent the sprightly Rosina of Beaumarchais, we need hardly tell our readers is not the case; but they have only to shut their eyes, imagine the requisite bye-play, and listen to the notes which this exquisite songstress pours forth, and they will find nothing left to be desired. Her vocation is to sing, and she does this with a perfection of voice and style which leaves her beyond rivalry. With a voice destined to be the finest contralto in the world, she has sought eminence in the wider sphere open to the soprano register, and has achieved a success which has not always followed such an attempt. She has even succeeded in combining the excellence of both voices without losing the character of either. Her singing on Tuesday evening was a most consummate display of skill, and roused the audience into genuine enthusiasm. Albani, however, accepted but one call for an encore—in the singing lesson, where her execution of Rode's air with variations was a mellifluous display of voice and execution, the parallel of which it would be difficult to find.

Signor Vialletti's deep basso told well in the concerted music; and in the famous song, *La Calunnia*, he displayed considerable dramatic, or we should rather say, descriptive, power. The vivacity of the piece, however, rested principally with Signor Belletti, whose Figaro, like all that he does, was a finished and genial performance. Signor Beneventano was a fussy and bustling Doctor Bartolo, but with not enough genuine pomposity for that respectable and ill-used individual. Notwithstanding Herr Reichardt's undoubted talent, he is not qualified, either vocally or histrionically, to do justice to the part of Almaviva. The triumph of the evening rested with Madame Albani, whose singing alone is sufficient to compensate for many minor shortcomings. We may add that Signor Bonetti's orchestra showed itself in a high state of training and efficiency.

REVIEWS.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

WE have to thank M. Fröhner for a very small but exceedingly curious little book.* He has, with infinite pains, classified the names of the inhabitants of Carlsruhe, giving their meaning and derivation. The first group consists of names derived from mythological or religious ideas, and the customs of the heroic age. Such are Vohl from Phol—the same deity who is better known as Balder, Himmel, and Kobelt. Singer, and very possibly Schilling, and certainly Lautenschläger, recall the old days of the bards who were attached to the households of the Teutonic chieftains. The second class is made up of old German surnames—such as Hildebrand corrupted into Brandt, Gottfried contracted into Götz, Siegfried, with its various forms, Seyfert, Siegel, and Seiz. Next we have a few Roman surnames, like Pontius, Seneca, and Bansa (Pansa). Christian names form the following group; and next to them are names derived from the occupations of the country—such as Hirt (herdsman) and Falehner (Falconer)—and those which point to the cultivation of particular plants, as Bohn (bean), Kohl (cabbage), Nussle (nut). Next are handicrafts and civil and ecclesiastical dignities. Amongst the latter, Kohn, from the Hebrew *cohen*, a priest, and Bartlin, from the lay or bearded brother of a monastery, are remarkable. The army contributes many, such as Morgenstern, from the terrible mace so famous in the Hussite wars, and Pfeitscher, from Pfeil, an arrow. Many others, as Böhm and Dehn, are from the names of countries. Some, like Thalmann and Feldmann, point to the original bearer's place of abode. Bodily and mental peculiarities have suggested another class. The relations of society have contributed a few. Devrient, for example, in spite of its French pronunciation, is simply De Vrient (the friend). Some people are unlucky enough to have for their names terms of abuse. Others are walking imperatives, as Klauprecht (glaube recht); while some are called after various parts of plants, food, or useful instruments. Blum, Milch, and Holznagel are examples of these last three classes. It is obvious that history has a great deal to gain from the labours of persons like the author of this work. We see from his preface that similar works exist, treating of the names of the inhabitants of Hanover and Breslau; and we hope that, as the plan of laying the foundation for historical and other studies in a knowledge of the neighbourhood in which we live, becomes more and more common in this country, many such books may be published throughout the United Kingdom. In districts where Scandinavians, Celts, and Saxons are all mixed together, as in some parts of Scotland, labour spent in collecting and classifying names would be especially fruitful in interesting results.

Contributions to the Knowledge of Old French, English, and Provençal Literature,† by M. Sachs, will interest only a very limited class. The author was employed by M. Fortoul in examining old French manuscripts in English libraries. During his visit to this country, he found many curious documents, which were either unknown to the learned world or had been only very cursorily described. Of these, as well as of some others which he found in France, he gives some account in the *brochure* before us, dividing them into four classes. First are those which relate to the Carolingian period; secondly, some legends of Arthur which had their origin in Brittany; thirdly, romances of English growth; and lastly, stories in which the influence of the antique is perceptible, such as the *Good Tale of Iphomedon*, in which the familiar characters of classic story are mixed with mediæval personages—Dukes of Normandy, Kings of Puglia, and Queens of Bretagne.

M. Gregorovius‡ has turned his attention to a new subject, and has again put all travellers in Italy, and the reading public generally, under great obligations. The work before us is on the Tombs of the Popes. The idea of writing this book struck the author one day in St. Peter's, when he was standing before the statue of Paul III. It is by no means large; but a very considerable amount of labour must have been expended upon it before it issued from the Leipzig press as a series of brilliantly written historical studies. The proportion of Papal tombs to

* *Karlsruher Namenbuch*. Von C. W. Fröhner. Karlsruhe: Muller. London: Williams and Norgate. 1856.

† *Beiträge zur Kunde Alt-Französischer Englischer und Provenzalischer Litteratur*. Von C. Sachs. Berlin: Nicolai. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

‡ *Die Grabmäler der Römischen Päpste*. Von F. Gregorovius. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

Popes is not very large. There have been in all 264 Popes. Sixty of these have tombs at Rome—about twenty more in Perugia, Viterbo, Florence, Naples, Arezzo, Pisa, Verona, Salerno, Ferrara, Bologna, Recanati, Aquila, and at the great Benedictine monastery of Monte Casino. The Avignon popes are entombed in France, and Clement II. at Bamberg. In St. Peter's it is said that about 150 popes lie buried; but the tombs of a great many of them have been destroyed during the alterations of the building. This has been the case also in St. John Lateran. The oldest monuments have of course suffered most, and those of the earlier popes have entirely disappeared. In some cases the epitaphs have been preserved. The Appian way of the Heads of the Church, with its long line of tombs on either side, only begins with their return from Avignon. The most ancient epitaph given by M. Gregorovius is that of Pelagius I., which belongs to the year A.D. 560. All that claim a higher antiquity than this are, in his opinion at least, doubtful. On turning to the names of some of the most famous of the successors of St. Peter, we observe that the inscription on the monument which was raised to Hildebrand by Robert Guiscard has disappeared, and that the epitaph, no less than the monument which now commemorates him in the Cathedral of Salerno, is quite unimportant. Innocent III. lies in San Lorenzo at Perugia. The tomb in the old Basilica of St. Peter's which covered the remains of the last of the imperial pontiffs of the middle ages was destroyed when the present edifice was reared. By a strange chance, the workmen broke it open on the anniversary of his death, just 302 years after that event. The body was well preserved. Boniface VIII. lay robed in the Pallium, with white gloves embroidered with pearls, and a sapphire ring on his finger. The dust of Nicholas the Fifth, the founder of the Vatican library, with whom the learned and artistic period of the Papacy begins,—the patron of the learned Greeks, who fled before the arms of Mahomet II.—was, by a sort of poetical justice, not allowed to rest in peace. He it was who first conceived the idea of making St. Peter's the greatest temple in the world, and his stately monument was destroyed when his plan was carried out. Leo X. sleeps in the choir of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. M. Gregorovius remarks on this strange coincidence—"The chance connexion of the names of the Madonna and Minerva, which constantly recalls to us the blending of Christianity and heathenism at Rome, seems as if it had been invented on purpose for Leo." In the same beautiful church is buried a very different man, Paul IV. (Caraffa), the ruthless leader of the counter-reformation. Gan-ganelli rests in the Church of the Santi Apostoli. His monument is the work of Canova, but is far from being one of his masterpieces. The body of the much-tried Pius VI. was placed in the vaults of the Vatican. His heart is in Valence. Who that has seen can ever forget his statue under the dome of St. Peter's, with the ever-burning lamps around it, seen in the dim half-light? M. Gregorovius prints, amongst other curious things, a prophecy which, although frequently on the lips of Roman Catholics, is not, we think, very well known. There are yet, according to it, ten Popes to come, and then—"Amidst a terrible persecution of the Holy Roman Church, Peter of Rome (the second) will sit, who will feed his sheep in much tribulation. When this is passed, the seven-hilled city will be overthrown, and the awful Judge will judge his people. Amen." We most cordially recommend to our readers this useful, pleasant, and wise little book. A translation of the poems of the too-little known singer of Sicily, Giovanni Meli,* by M. Gregorovius, will give us an opportunity of returning ere long to this delightful writer.

Lieder aus der Fremde† is a very curious collection of the poems of all nations, translated into German. Russian, English, French, Bohemian, Rumanian, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Hungarian, and Persian authors are, amongst others, represented, although the volume only consists of 356 pages. Many of the translations are by well-known persons, such as Geibel, Anastasius Grün, Bodenstedt, and Freiligrath. We are no friends to large collections of translated poems. They never do, and never can, reflect their originals even tolerably. The book before us will nevertheless be useful in making known some poets of whom most people have never heard. We dare say, for example, that few of our readers know anything of Petöfy, who has been called the Burns of Hungary. This gifted and unhappy man was born in 1823. He began life by running away from school, and enlisting as a private soldier; but his remarkable genius, which was soon observed, obtained his discharge. We next hear of him as a student, then as a strolling player, *litterateur*, and reporter. He then became a member of the Committee of Public Safety at Pesth, whence he was sent to join Bem's force in his brilliant campaign in Transylvania. Petöfy disappeared after the battle of Marosvasarhely, and nothing has been heard of him since. His body was not found upon the field. In a poem by him, addressed to the Stork, translated in this volume, there occurs the following verse, so curiously characteristic of the dweller in the great Hungarian plain:—

Gern hab'ich die Puszta! dort nur fühl ich frei mich
Mehr als sonstwo irgend!
Dort ergeht mein Auge rings sich nach Belieben,
Findet Hemmniss nirgend.

* *Lieder des Giovanni Meli von Palermo, aus dem Sicilianischen.* Von F. Gregorovius. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.
† *Lieder aus der Fremde, herausgegeben* Von H. Harrys. Hanover: Rümpler. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

Dort umstehn mich drohend nicht die finstern Felsen
Mit dem Blick, dem irren,
Noch die Bäche sprudelnd schleudernd, dass es klinget
Fast wie Ketten klirren.

Indische Skizzen,* four essays which appeared originally in various periodicals, and are now published together, will be acceptable to many in this country. The first, on recent researches into Indian antiquity, gives a short account of the beginning of the European study of the laws, religion, and poetry of Hindostan—from the publication, in 1776, of Halhed's *Gentoo Code*—and then goes on to sum up the principal results at which the students of Indian literature and the investigators of Sanscrit philology have arrived. The second is on Buddhism—the religion of a fifth, if not of a fourth part of the human race. This is a subject which will attract every year more and more attention, for it seems to be now acknowledged on all hands that it is as useless as it is politically dangerous to send to the East, as missionaries, the half-educated persons who have been so long the representatives of Christianity in many parts of Asia. An extensive knowledge of the religion of those among whom he is to work, obtained rather from the point of view of a student than of a controversialist, is surely the first condition of any success in introducing Christian civilization. The third paper is on the connexion between India and the countries of the West; while the last treats of the Semitic origin of the ancient Indian alphabet.

A large collection of *Märchen*† lies before us. It would have been a very good book if it had not, in an evil hour, entered into the heart of the editor to embellish it by illustrations so coarse and ugly as to make the volume far less valuable than it would have been without them. As this work is published by the same house as *Nieritz's Deutscher Volkskalender*,‡ this may be the place, once for all, to notice that yearly visitant, intended chiefly for the homes of the *bourgeoisie* and the peasantry, but full of information and amusement for all classes.

A society has lately been formed in Germany§ for the purpose of assisting, when occasion arises, the families of deceased artists and men of letters. One of its schemes is to publish, with a view to raising money and attracting attention to the operations of the society, two volumes, the one of sketches by well-known artists, and the other of short pieces in prose or poetry by authors of distinction. Würzburg is the seat of the committee which is entrusted with the management of this part of the society's concerns. Amongst the contributors to the volume which is to be devoted to literature, we may mention Von Savigny, King Louis of Bavaria, and Alexander Von Humboldt. Amongst the artists we find Cornelius, Bendemann, and Lessing. We select these names, as being well known in England, from a very long list in our possession. The president of the committee is Moritz, Graf zu Bentheim-Tecklenburg und Rhéda, and any contributions which may be sent from this country should be forwarded to him at Würzburg in Bavaria. On the envelope should be written, "Deutscher Verein zur Unterstützung der Hinterlassenen verdienter Künstler." It is hardly necessary to say that the two volumes, when completed, will be very remarkable productions, and they will be sold at an exceedingly moderate price. We shall give hereafter some further account of the progress of this benevolent enterprise. For the present we commend it to the favourable consideration of those who are able and willing to assist it in the way which we have indicated.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.¶

A LITTLE time ago, the conscientious students of our old English dramatic poetry were startled by the appearance of a small pamphlet in which a Mr. Smith—who, unlike the youth that "fired the Ephesian dome," gave his name in full to the world—ventured to assert, or suggest, that the plays which have been vulgarly attributed to the "divine Williams" were really written by Lord Bacon. The particular arguments—if, for courtesy, we must call them such—by which this proposition was supported, were so absurd, and the general treatment of the subject was so shallow and illogical, that we took no notice of Mr. Smith or his pamphlet. But the matter has recently grown into a more imposing form, and assumed a magnitude of demonstration which, whatever it may come to in the end, ought not to be dismissed in silence. Carefully elaborated as the theory is now presented to us, it rises to the height of a great literary hallucination, which, like other delusions, may possibly seize upon the imaginations of a few weak-minded people if it be not submitted to a timely exposure.

Before we proceed to the ponderous book before us, it will be well to clear the inquiry of Mr. Smith. The veritable original, it seems, to whom the world is indebted for the new light thrown upon the authorship of Shakspeare's plays, is Miss Delia Bacon, an American lady. She made known her "theory" in an article,

* *Indische Skizzen.* Von A. Weber. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams and Norgate.

† *Ludwig Bechstein's Märchenbuch. Zweite Illustrirte Ausgabe.* Leipzig: Wigand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

‡ *Nieritz's Deutscher Volkskalender.* Leipzig: Wigand. London: Williams and Norgate.

§ *Statuten des Deutschen Vereins zur Unterstützung der Hinterlassenen verdienter Künstler.* Würzburg.

¶ *The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakspeare Unfolded.* By Delia Bacon. With a Preface by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Groombridge and Sons.

intended to be the first of a series, in an American magazine; and Mr. Smith, seizing piratically upon that imperfect disclosure, took the "theory" to himself, and announced it to the English public as his own. It is, no doubt, a questionable ambition which could tempt any man to appropriate such a discovery, and perhaps the fittest punishment that could be inflicted on Mr. Smith would be to indulge him in the notoriety he seeks; but justice to Delia—who, like the Delia of *The Rivals*, "owns the soft impeachment"—requires that Mr. Smith should be stripped of his booty, especially as he re-asserts his right to it in a second brochure, just published.

The volume in which Miss Bacon expounds her views is of alarming bulk—nearly 600 pages of close type. Few people who may chance to take it up will ever read it through; yet a vague impression may nevertheless get abroad that its allegations against the authenticity of Shakspeare's poetical title are not without a certain degree of force—just as the multitude, who never investigate for themselves, are apt to think that where there is much smoke there must be some fire. We believe, therefore, that we may do a slight service to readers who are curious on the subject by taking the case out of this maze of letter-press, and stating it succinctly. We must premise, however, that it is not always very easy to divine the meaning of the writer. The style is involved, diffuse, and obscure, intensely Carlylese, and oppressively symbolical in expression. While a strict method of investigation is apparently observed, the treatise is really rhapsodical and erratic, frequently running off into excursions which either suspend the inquiry or obstruct its progress. Some difficulty is occasioned also by the perpetual recurrence of such phrases as "things lying on the surface," "surface appearances," &c., which greatly hinder our comprehension of the author's purpose, until we find out that they are intended to represent the state of our knowledge hitherto with reference to Shakspeare's plays, and to impress upon us that the author has not contented herself with "things lying on the surface," but has gone down to "the lowest depths of the lowest deep of the deep Elizabethan art," the "esoteric Elizabethan learning," and the "Elizabethan art of tradition." We shall presently see how she deals with these mysteries.

Divesting the question of the robes of mist in which it is dressed by the author, we will begin at the beginning, taking first the narrative of the discovery, and the manner of its development. Miss Bacon, having long ago had her suspicions awakened (she does not tell us how) to the fact that the plays attributed to Shakspeare were written by somebody else, entered upon researches into what she calls the historical part of the subject, i.e., the "external evidence," which ultimately amounted to complete demonstration. The work containing these results has never been published—it is delayed till more certain, "vivid, and accumulating historic detail," and "disclosures which no invention could anticipate," shall have been "subjoined to it." In the meanwhile, Miss Bacon publishes the volume before us, in which she produces the "internal evidence" drawn from an examination of the plays themselves. She claims for this evidence that it is conclusive, without reference to the former. "The demonstration," she says, "will be found complete on that ground; and on that ground alone the author is willing, and deliberately prefers, for the present to rest it." She adds, that "external evidence, of course, will not be wanting; there will be enough and to spare, if the demonstration here be correct." This mode of procedure is an exact illustration of that figure of speech by which the cart is put before the horse. It recalls the well-known anecdote of a popular Irish author, who, after he had completed a controversial work crowded with references, applied himself diligently to the British Museum to consult the authorities. Miss Bacon asks us to believe her theory first, and says that, if we do, she will afterwards bring forward the proofs. But the obvious course was to bring forward the proofs first, and to demand our judgment on the theory afterwards.

The theory, as explained and endorsed by Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, is this—that there is a certain system of philosophy underlying "the superficial and ostensible text of Shakspeare's plays;" by which terms Mr. Hawthorne means to intimate that the plays were not written, as the world supposes, for the amusement of the people, but that they were in reality the vehicles of a secret system of politics and ethics—although even in that case we do not see why Mr. Hawthorne should call the text "superficial and ostensible." Further, it is alleged that the author has discovered traces of the same system in the works of Lord Bacon and other contemporary writers—that they all agree in this system—and that this agreement "indicates a common understanding and unity of purpose in men among whom no brotherhood has hitherto been suspected." This brotherhood formed a sort of secret "Round-table reunion," in which was conceived "the idea of converting the new *belles-lettres* [i.e. the drama] to grave and politic uses." In other places it is called by the more classical title of an academy—and elsewhere a "great scientific enterprise" and a "great philanthropic association." As far as the present work enlightens us, the principal members of this secret institute appear to have been Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh; and the reason why they did not openly publish their system themselves, in a proper scientific form, instead of sending it out in the disguise of stage-plays, was that the people were ignorant, and the Government despotic, and it was as much as their heads were worth to make known their

new school of philosophy. Bacon, indeed, in his *Novum Organum*, laid down all the laws of this philosophy, but he illustrated them only through the physical sciences, being deterred by the tyranny under which he lived from giving them a moral and practical application in his great work. The moral and practical application essential to the completion of his design is to be looked for elsewhere.

To what extent Raleigh contributed to the authorship of the plays is nowhere stated. The section devoted to him is so hazy that, although it abounds in allusions to the "key" that is to unlock the mystery, and the untying of the knot, &c., we have not been able to ascertain whether Miss Bacon is of opinion that Raleigh wrote some, or all, or none of the Shakspeare plays. No particulars whatever are gone into; and we are flung upon a wild sea of speculation, whence we are to make land for ourselves as well as we can. That Raleigh could have been concerned in the dramatic literature of the day seems, on the face of it, incredible. Remembering the life of incessant activity he led, and the variety of enterprises in which he was engaged, the marvel is how he contrived to produce the works which are authenticated by his name. There was little room in the early part of his career for secret Round-table philosophical stage-literature, and still less in the latter part, seeing that he was imprisoned in the Tower from 1603 to 1616, between which dates the plays chiefly relied upon by Miss Bacon for her "internal evidence" were produced.

From Raleigh, by a backward leap, we are turned over to Montaigne, who is regarded by Miss Bacon as the inventor of what she calls "the Elizabethan art of delivery and tradition." This art requires explanation. In plain language, it may be described as the presentation of practical views of life in a popular, as opposed to a scientific, form. Montaigne was undoubtedly, the first modern writer who philosophized on the common concerns of life, and the everyday topics of human action and reflection. But what has this to do with Shakspeare? Or how did it influence the structure and vital humanity of the drama he created? No connexion whatever is shown between them; and the section devoted to Montaigne's "private and retired arts" is just so much waste paper.

From Montaigne we descend to the "Baconian rhetoric;" and the problem of the authorship of the plays, hitherto lying very dimly among round tables and other lumber, now looms for the first time into broad daylight. Bacon's well-known exposition of the steps by which new knowledge, or knowledge "beyond the popular opinion," ought to be put in motion, is the basis of the whole theory. After showing that in the infancy of learning new truths were presented in the forms of parables and similitudes, because they would otherwise have been passed over with indifference, or rejected as paradoxes, Bacon observes—"So in divine learning we see how frequent parables and tropes are, for it is a rule in the doctrine of delivery, that every science which is not consonant with presuppositions and prejudices must pray in aid of similes and allusions." And he elsewhere says, that "the true teacher will vary his method according to the subject which he handles." Upon this hint Miss Bacon speaks. She thinks that the great man who pointed out this system of teaching must himself have exemplified it; and, as she believes that she has detected in Shakspeare's plays the practical application of the new philosophy to the business of human life, she concludes that these plays were the means by which he enforced his teaching. This is the sum and issue of many long discursive dissertations through which Miss Bacon pursues her phantom with indefatigable perseverance. It would be quite impossible to convey within reasonable compass an adequate notion of the toil she has bestowed on the hopeless task of proving that the plays of Shakspeare are a corollary from the *Novum Organum*; but a glance at her method of dealing with this extraordinary proposition is indispensable.

Bacon observed—we translate the thought into our own language—that there was a great want in what might be called popular literature of the direct employment, "for the use of life," of the truths or precepts of science. "How could he say that," inquires Miss Bacon, "when there was a man then alive who was doing in all respects the very thing which he puts down here as the thing to be done?" The "man" here alluded to is the author of the plays. Shakspeare's claim to the authorship, Miss Bacon dismisses at once with contempt. She speaks of him as "this person," "this individual," "this 'thing,'" and says that, instead of complaining that we know so little about him, it is rather a source of regret that we know so much. The passage is characteristic, and we extract it as an example of the author's manner, and as yielding a slight flavour of her logic. The italics belong to Miss Bacon, who indulges largely in this emphatic way of impressing her opinions:—

There was no man to claim it [the plays—here described as "a magnificent collection in natural science"]; for the *boast*, the very boast made on behalf of the thing for whom it was claimed was, he did not know it was worth *pre-seeing*!—he did not know that this mass of new and profoundly scientific observation—this so new and subtle observation, so artistically digested, with all the precepts concluded on it, strewn, crowded everywhere, with these aphorisms, these axioms of practice, that are made out of the pith and heart of sciences—he did not know it was of any value! That is his history. That is the sum of it; and surely it is enough. Who, that is himself at all above the condition of an oyster, will undertake to say, deliberately and upon reflection, that it is not? So long as we have that one fact in our possession, it is absurd, it is simply disgraceful, to complain of any deficiency in this person's biography. There is enough of it, and to spare. With that fact in our pos-

session, we ought to have been able to dispense long ago with some, at least, of those details that we have of it. The only fault to be found with the biography of this individual, as it stands at present, is that there is too much of it, and the public mind is labouring under a plethora of information.

Shakespeare's claim being thus summarily and finally disposed of, we now begin to see our way to the discovery of the real author. The matter is put peremptorily by Miss Bacon. Did it never occur to the scholar, she demands, to ask why Bacon did not apply his *Novum Organum* to the departments of history and poetry and human life, instead of "keeping so steadfastly to the physical forces in his illustrations of its powers?" Can any one have "read the plan of his work"—the scheme of his new system of universal sciences—without perceiving this want? The Third Part of the *Instauratio* is far from fulfilling that end. Where is the Fourth Part—"that part of our work which enters upon philosophy itself," instead of dealing merely with the method, or exhibiting it in the abstract? The discerning reader will at once anticipate the answer to this question. The Fourth Part of the *Novum Organum* is that "magnificent collection in natural science," known to us under the name of the Plays of Shakespeare.

Such is, briefly, the course and conclusion of this "great argument." Analyses of *Lear*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Coriolanus* complete the internal evidence by demonstrating conclusively, as the writer firmly believes, that the principles laid down in the *Novum Organum* are here, in pursuance of the original design of that work, applied to the "noble subjects" of men's lives and characters. It is shown, for example, that the poet was impressed with the notion that human leadership or kingship should be determined solely by ability to govern—that he was a foe to tyranny—and that he saw, in the resistance of the popular body, the process through which the commonwealth was to be "cured." Those traits, in our author's opinion, completely identify him with Bacon, as if they were marked and singular specialties, instead of being common to tens of thousands of very commonplace people. The three plays from which Miss Bacon draws her illustrations are treated as Elizabethan dramas, although, according to such information as we possess, not one of them was written in the lifetime of the Queen.

The public, of course, when they were delighted by Shakespeare's plays, had not the remotest suspicion that it was the author of the *Novum Organum* who was teaching them such wonderful wisdom and poetry through the medium of that rude playhouse on the Bankside. How, indeed, could they? As Miss Bacon pertinently suggests; "How could men suspect, as yet, that this was the new scholasticism, the New Philosophy? How should they know that the teacher of the New Philosophy was a poet also?" An excellent reason why they could not have known anything about it may be derived from the fact that, when the plays were written, the New Philosophy was not in existence. Had Miss Bacon looked a little into the matter of dates, she might have spared herself not only these particular questions, but the whole inquiry upon which she has bestowed so much barren labour. Critical opinions, and the judgments of all human tribunals, are liable to mistakes; but dates cannot err. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this book is that, from the first page to the last, there is not a single reference to a date, nor a single attempt to verify any statement or allusion by contemporary testimony of any kind. Miss Bacon regards dates with supreme scorn; yet her entire theory falls to pieces the moment it is submitted to this infallible test. Two or three figures will demonstrate the fact. Shakespeare's earliest play is supposed to have been produced about 1590. Between the date of that piece and *Lear*, the first of the three plays selected for illustration by Miss Bacon, he produced twenty-eight plays. After *Lear*, he wrote eight more. His last is assigned to the year 1611. Compare this progress and these dates with the landmarks of Bacon's career as an author. During the reign of Elizabeth he gave no sign of his moral or philosophical studies, but confined himself exclusively to publications connected with law and jurisprudence. The *Advancement of Learning* did not appear till 1605; the Second Part of his great work, containing the fundamental design or plan of the *Novum Organum*, was not completed for some years afterwards; and it was not till 1620, four years after the death of Shakespeare, that he was prepared with the Third Part to be submitted to the King. During the time when Shakespeare was writing busily for the stage, bringing out two or three plays a year, Bacon was working hard at the law; and by the time that Shakespeare had made his fortune, and had retired to live at Stratford, where he wrote his last eight or nine plays, Bacon was beginning to direct his attention, for the first time, to those higher pursuits which have rendered his name illustrious. We are not here discussing the question on any other ground than that of dates. We will not even step out of this strict line of evidence to ask whether any man capable of appreciating the nature of these labours is also capable of believing that the *Novum Organum* and the long line of plays ascribed to Shakespeare could have been produced by the same brain. We confine ourselves to the fact that the plays could not have been written by Bacon as the Fourth Part of the *Novum Organum*, simply because the last of them is dated nine years before the *Novum Organum*, incomplete as it is, came from the hand of the author. There are no means of reconciling Miss Bacon's theory with these stubborn dates, except by supposing, not only that Bacon wrote the Fourth Part first, but that he commenced it so far back as 1590—thirty years before he had finally

settled his plan, after, we are told, repeated alterations and revisions. But the whole theory, from whatever point of view we regard it, is a dream as fantastical as the *elixir vitæ* or the philosopher's stone. Any reasoning upon it, beyond the necessary exposure of its fallaciousness, would be about as grave an error as Miss Bacon herself has committed in writing this huge book. The lady, who is perfectly sincere, has deceived herself, by lonely study and constant iteration of one idea, into this strange article of belief; but how Mr. Hawthorne has come to be deceived into it passes our comprehension.

BARTH'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.*

DR. BARTH has successfully accomplished a journey which had for many years excited the ambition of explorers. Setting out from Tunis in January, 1850, he travelled as far south as Yola on the Benué—the eastern branch of the Niger, which he reached in June, 1851. In 1852, he made various expeditions in the neighbourhood of Lake Tsad. In 1853, he travelled West from Lake Tsad to Timbuktu, where he remained about six months. In 1855, he returned by another route to Tripoli, and thence by Malta to this country. His various experiences and observations during these six adventurous years are ultimately to fill five volumes. The three first are now before us. They comprise the history of the expedition down to the death of the last of his travelling companions—Mr. Overweg—in August, 1852. Books of travels have of late years fallen so much into the hands of persons who write merely for amusement, that many of Dr. Barth's readers will, we doubt not, be disappointed with the contents of his work. It is one of high claims, and in many respects of equally high performance; but we cannot in honesty deny that it has peculiarities of style which are not uncommon in German writers, and which make their learning, patience, and conscientious laboriousness rather unwelcome to most English readers. Dr. Barth is a professional traveller, and has a strong and just appreciation of the weighty and serious character of the occupation. He has therefore chronicled the events of every day, the name and situation of every station, the pronunciation of every word which came in his way, with an accuracy which must make his book an invaluable guide to all persons who wish to make a profound study of African geography—we had almost said topography—but which is a little tedious to those who take only a general interest in the subject. Solid learning and labour are so uncommon in modern books of travels, that we should be sorry to say a word which could look like a want of respect for them, but we cannot help thinking that if Dr. Barth had relieved the severity of his work by the occasional introduction of more popular descriptions of the scenes and people that he witnessed, he might have increased its interest for ordinary readers without diminishing its value for professional students. After reading some fifty or sixty pages, setting forth with minute accuracy the bearings, names, and geological and botanical peculiarities of a number of different "wadys," it gives one a kind of helpless feeling of weariness to be told at length the reasons why Dr. Barth prefers to spell the name of a place "Ghat," in deference to English views upon the subject, instead of "Rhat," which he personally would prefer; and we fear that the most austere reader will share our disappointment in being brought through a howling wilderness to the eve of an encounter with robbers, and then being put off by the quiet remark, "then followed the scene described by Mr. Richardson." The interest of the book, however, increases rapidly after we have got beyond the first volume and the limits of all preceding explorations.

Dr. Barth's expedition was made under the patronage of the English Government, who placed it under the direction of the late Mr. Richardson, and associated with him Dr. Barth's countryman, Mr. Overweg, who also lost his life in the course of the journey. The instructions of the party were to explore countries then quite unknown—to establish, on behalf of the English, commercial treaties with the various native powers—and to ascertain as far as possible the most effectual means of checking the slave-trade. It is pleasant to read Dr. Barth's acknowledgments of the ready help which he received from Lord Palmerston, and his testimony as to the protection which our Government is able to afford to those who have claims upon it in the most distant and barbarous countries.

The centre of Northern Africa, lying between Morocco on the West, and Egypt on the East, was the scene of the first part of Dr. Barth's journey. It is inhabited by a race who bear a great variety of names, of which that of Berber is best known in Europe. The Berbers are much mixed up with the Arabs, who drove them to the South from their original dwelling places, and afterwards immigrated, to a great extent, into the same country. They are a Semitic race, altogether different in appearance and in character from the negroes who lie to the south of them; and though Dr. Barth is of opinion that at a very ancient period they were Christians, they are now Mahometans. The tribe through whose special territory the early part of his road lay is called Azkar, or Hogar. They are a sort of aristocracy, ruling over a degraded set of aboriginal tribes, whom they

* *Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa*: being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the auspices of Her Britannic Majesty's Government in the years 1849—1855. By Henry Barth, Ph.D., D.C.L., &c. &c. In 5 vols. Vols. I—III. London: Longmans. 1857.

do not allow to carry iron spears or swords, or to wear showy dresses. The journey through the territory of these people must have been a very dreary one. The account of it mentions hardly anything which can be of much general interest. After leaving the territory of the Berbers, the expedition entered the region of Air, or Asben, which is inhabited by the Kelowi, a tribe which has in it a good deal of Berber blood, and which branches out into so many subdivisions that the list of them fills no less than four pages of Dr. Barth's book. Their country is remarkably mountainous and wild, though the mountains do not run to any great height. The expedition was detained here by difficulties of various kinds for a considerable time, and during the delay Dr. Barth set off on a solitary expedition to a place called Agades, which is an ancient, and was once an important town. The most flourishing period in its history dates as far back as 1515; and, from the space inclosed by the ancient wall, Dr. Barth is of opinion that it must formerly have contained a population of as many as 30,000 persons. Its present population is about 7000. It is a great thoroughfare for the caravans which supply the western part of Sudan with salt.

On his return from this excursion, Dr. Barth and his two companions agreed that they would separate, and make the best of their way singly to a place called Kukawa, in the neighbourhood of Lake Tsad. This part of the journey lay over ground which had never been satisfactorily explored. The story of the mere travelling is, as usual, uninteresting; but the general impression which it conveys is curious, and, to us at least, very new. That part of Central Africa which lies between Lake Tsad and Timbuktu is far from being a mere desert, and its inhabitants are already removed by some degrees from mere barbarism. A considerable trade in a great variety of articles is kept up over the whole country, which is traversed by many well-known routes, having their regular stations and resting-places, and it contains several cities of very considerable size. The populations are for the most part negroes, though there is here and there a good deal of Berber blood amongst them. The most remarkable feature in their condition is the predominance in many places of the Fellatahs—a Mahometan tribe, or perhaps sect, who, in the beginning of the present century, were roused by the preaching of a sort of black Luther into a state of great activity, and made considerable conquests in Central Africa. Two of the principal towns so conquered are Katsena and Kano, and each of them presents many features of interest. Katsena was a place of immense extent. The circuit of the walls was originally as much as thirteen or fourteen miles; and "if only half of its immense area were tolerably well inhabited, must certainly have had a population of at least 100,000 souls." At present, there are scarcely 7000 or 8000 people living in it. It was besieged by the Fellatahs for seven years, and was at last reduced by famine. It is a curious illustration of the fungus-like character of these great African cities, that almost immediately upon the occurrence of this catastrophe, the town dwindled down to its present size, a large porportion of the population removing to Kano.

Kano is a still more remarkable place. Its existing condition shows what such towns as Agades and Katsena must have been in the time of their prosperity. It is a Mahometan town, conquered by the Fellatahs with but little resistance, about the time when they besieged Katsena. It owes its greatness to the emigration from that place, and Dr. Barth estimates the population at 30,000 or 40,000; but at certain seasons of the year the influx of foreigners raises it to 60,000, and it contains about 4000 slaves. As in the case of the other places which we have mentioned, a vast tract of uninhabited ground is enclosed within the fortifications, and Dr. Barth conjectures, probably enough, that the object of this was to enable the town to sustain a long siege on the produce of the lands so enclosed. Dr. Barth describes the bustle of the streets, and the variety of occupations of the inhabitants with considerable vivacity, and he speaks quite enthusiastically about the general prosperity and well-being of the inhabitants. "Commerce and manufacture go hand in hand there, and almost every family has its share in them." The province contains some of the finest corn and pasture land in the world, and all the wants of a family can be easily supplied for from 4*l.* to 5*l.* per annum. The principal manufacture of Kano is cotton cloth, which is exported as far as Tripoli, on the Mediterranean, to the north, and Timbuktu—and even to some extent to the shores of the Atlantic—on the East. Timbuktu alone takes about 300 camels' loads, or 5000*l.* worth annually, and the whole amount produced is worth as much as 25,000*l.* a year. Kano is also famous for its leather manufacture. On the other hand, it imports large quantities of guru nuts, natron, salt, ivory, and even a considerable quantity of European manufactures—calico from England, silk and sugar from France; needles, looking-glasses, and common paper from Nuremberg; sword-blades from Solingen, and razors from Styria. Dr. Barth remarks that singularly few English articles are imported. One very significant and important fact in the trade of Kano is that ever since the lower course of the Kwara was opened by an English expedition, the river has been used by no one but American slave-dealers, who import a considerable quantity of American manufactures, and take in exchange nothing but slaves and a small quantity of natron. Dr. Barth says that he has represented this fact in the strongest manner to the English Government. It will certainly be a reproach to us in

every way if we allow an achievement which cost the lives of many brave men, and was undertaken from motives of philanthropy, to be perverted into a means of extending the very evil which it was designed to extirpate.

The political condition of Kano is worthy of observation, as it affords unquestionable evidence of the amount of culture which exists in what is often supposed to be a mere barbarous wilderness. The province of Kano contains about 500,000 people, and can bring into the field an army of 7000 horse and 20,000 foot. It forms part of the empire of Sokoto, and is administered by a governor who is held in check by a sort of council, the organization of which has a whimsical likeness to the *aula regia* of the old Norman Kings; for it contains a sort of mayor of the palace or prime minister, a master of the horse or constable, a commander-in-chief, a chief justice, a treasurer, a quarter-master-general, and a master of the slaves—the only officer of the whole unknown to our own early constitution.

From Kano Dr. Barth continued his route to Kukawa; and it is a curious proof of the degree of civilization which exists in the interior of Africa, that, whilst on the road, he received a packet of letters from Europe and Tripoli. On the other hand, we incidentally learn that the specie of the country (cowries) is so bulky that a camel cannot carry more than the value of 12*l.* The most important general observation that Dr. Barth made on his road was, that the land was wonderfully fertile, especially in cotton and indigo; and that if the government had any sort of regularity or authority, and could give decent security to life and property, enormous quantities of those commodities might readily be produced. Before his companion's arrival at Kukawa, Mr. Richardson—who was on the way to the same point by a different road—died, and Dr. Barth found himself on his arrival beset by all sorts of difficulties as to his property, which the government of the place were naturally anxious to appropriate. He was, however, joined by his surviving friend, Mr. Overweg, and by much patience and management they contrived to extricate themselves from their difficulties. Kukawa is the capital of the empire of Bornu, for the history of which Dr. Barth has collected some materials which appear to us, as far as a very cursory glance enables us to judge, likely to be a great deal more authentic than interesting. He lived there on pleasant terms with the Vizier, who was pleased to hear of the wish of the British Government to enter into friendly relations with him, and was willing to allow them to encourage trade in anything they chose to sell, except Bibles and spirits. Shortly after Dr. Barth's departure, this liberal person was put to death, leaving behind him seventy-three sons, "not counting the daughters." He regarded his harem, says Dr. Barth, as "a kind of ethnological museum."

We hope, on a future occasion, to follow Dr. Barth through the remainder of his journeys. In the meantime, by way of relieving a subject not in itself very amusing, we will conclude by referring to a warning which he offers as to the inconvenience of administering medicine to natives. He gave one of his most intimate friends four ounces of Epsom salts, and six ounces of worm powder, to be divided into doses. Wishing for a speedy cure, the man swallowed the whole at once. The consequences may be imagined. Mr. Overweg had a more ingenious plan. Being much bothered by various natives for medicine, he established a regular routine, setting apart one medicine for every day in the week—calomel on Monday, Epsom salts on Tuesday, James's powder on Wednesday, and so on. There is a mixture of humour and formality in this which is wonderfully German.

THE FUTURE OF SLAVERY.*

BOTH the Messrs. Chambers have gained a reputation of a peculiar but very effective description. They approach more nearly to the French *littérateurs* than any other prominent writers of the present day. They are not investigators, or discoverers, or even deep thinkers. They have not the gift of lofty writing; but they have what is very much more useful—a style of sparkling clearness, and a singular facility in working up the raw materials of more prosy labourers into a shape fit for the consumption of our lazy-minded public. They furnish wings to ponderous statistics and closely-wrought calculations, which, but for their aid, would never travel beyond the students of a public library. The book before us is a sample of their handiwork. It is exceedingly pleasant reading, and by no means lengthy; yet it furnishes a perfect handbook of the Northern side of the slavery controversy. It is a mine of argument for those who hate slavery simply because their neighbours hate it, and would be very glad of a decent show of reasons to back their opinions; and it is well stored with the piquant anecdotes and sharp numerical antitheses which form so large a part of modern argumentation. Of the anecdotes we need give no specimens. Use has made us only too familiar with them—perhaps callous to them. They are of the kind with which anti-slavery books have teemed, from Miss Martineau to Mrs. Stowe—for the stream of them is ever flowing. A system which habitually tears wife from husband, and child from mother, which rules by cruelty and spreads by prostitution, can never be barren in anecdotes to illustrate its horrors. Miss Martineau tells a story of two daughters of a planter, by a

* *American Slavery and Colour.* By William Chambers, Author of "Things as they are in America." London: W. and E. Chambers, 55 York; Dix and Edwards. 1857.

mulatto woman, who (being all but white) were brought up by him in the greatest refinement, and with the most religious education. They were discovered on his death to be, in consequence of some legal flaw, still unemancipated; and they were sold by his executors by public auction into another planter's seraglio. This has always seemed to us so completely to sum up, in one horrible instance, the worst iniquities of slavery, that after it all other stories have seemed superfluous and weak.

But the figures are sufficiently novel to be worth noticing more specially. The upshot of what they prove is that slavery is not only a crime but a blunder. It is eminently wasteful and inefficient—and that for the simple reason that though you can flog men into moving their muscles according to your bidding, you cannot flog them into ingenuity, or care, or diligence. Fear-service is necessarily eye-service; and therefore, until overseers acquire the attribute of ubiquity, slavery will remain the most worthless of all kinds of labour. But this is not the only cause of economical stagnation in the Slave States. The slaves have taken a revenge upon their masters not very unlike that which ancient Greece was said to have taken on her Roman conquerors. They have made labour shameful and lust easy; and the luxurious apathy of absolute power, and the free scope given to unbridled sensuality, have eaten out the native energy of the Anglo-Saxon slave-owners, and have left them as stagnant as Spanish grandees. Mr. Chambers proves this by comparing the opportunities and the achievements of the Northern and the Southern sections of the Union. The value of real and personal property in the North is just three times as much per acre as it is in the South. Massachusetts could more than buy up Virginia, the two Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, and Texas; and yet those States are collectively upwards of sixty times as large as Massachusetts, and their population is four times as great. The tonnage of vessels is five times as great in the North—small as is its seaboard. Its manufacturing products are nearly ten times as abundant as those of the South. As a climax, the North outstrips the South on the South's own chosen ground:—

The North, with half as much land under cultivation, and two thirds as many persons engaged in farming, produces 227,000,000 dollars' worth of agricultural produce in a year more than the South; twice as much on an acre, and more than double the value per head of every person engaged in farming. This occurs, while the South paying nothing in the form of wages for labour, has better land, a monopoly of cotton, rice, cane-sugar, and nearly so of tobacco and hemp, with above all, a climate yielding two, and sometimes three, crops in a year.

In everything the contrast is the same—in schools, books, newspapers, churches, railways, canals. In everything the North advances, the South lags behind. The South does not even contrive to pay its own postage; and the deficiency has to be made up by the superior epistolary energies of the North.

Some ten or twelve years ago, Sir C. Lyell, who painted the state of affairs in America with a very friendly hand, was so impressed with the failure of slavery in an economical point of view, that he indulged in a belief that it would die out of itself. Mr. Chambers entertains no such hopes. The demoralization wrought by slavery on the slave-owners disables them for the energetic efforts which a transition from slave to free labour would require. Moreover, the possession of slaves, however injurious to the community at large, is of course an abundant source of wealth to individuals; and these men exercise a control over public opinion as despotic as that of the inquisition. The writer before us gives instances of men driven out of the Slave States under peril of their lives—one for voting for Fremont, and the other for saying, in a private letter, that he and others should be glad to do so if they dared. As long as this tyranny is maintained, there is no more chance of a healthy public opinion being formed on the subject of slavery, than there was of an opinion being formed in favour of Lutheranism three hundred years ago in Spain. And those whose special office it is to correct the errors of human feeling and opinion, instead of rebuking the evil, sanction it. The clergy of almost every denomination are as much tainted with slavery doctrines as their flocks. The medieval Church, much as she is accused of undue compliance with the spirit of her age, never ceased to urge the enfranchisement of serfs; and that villenage has almost disappeared from Western Europe is, in great part, her work. But the American denominations, with all the enlightenment of Protestantism to guide them, only rack their ingenuity to invent pleas for slavery. One imaginative apostle sees in it a mighty instrument for the evangelization of the blacks, and solemnly points out the danger of preferring their temporal to their spiritual welfare. We should have thought that the facts that Virginia visits with imprisonment any man or woman who teaches even a free black child to read, and that Tennessee, only last December, forbade any black to go to church for the space of one year, might modify these sanguine views. Another reverend gentleman, with humble-minded blasphemy, does not venture to inquire into the religious objects of the "institution," but complacently lays it on the broad shoulders of Providence. "It is not a moral evil. It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes." According to this doctrine we must presume that the existence of such persons as this apologist to bring infamy on the Christian name, is "no moral evil, but the Lord's doing." It is unquestionably very marvellous in our eyes.

The fact is, that these preachers hold their positions *durante bene placito*, and depend for their very sustenance on the good pleasure of their congregation. Now men rather like to be lectured severely on vices which only affect their spiritual

welfare—the passing sting is a pleasing excitement, and is more over accepted by the conscience as full discharge and satisfaction for all penitential liabilities; but woe to the luckless wight who shall venture to reprove a community for any vice the renunciation of which involves a temporal loss. In England, the wrath of an indignant flock is commonly confined to measureless abuse; but in America it is unfortunately able to point that abuse by a summary dismissal. It is a melancholy spectacle for us, before whose eyes the links that unite State and Church are snapping year by year, to see the most thoroughly "voluntary" community of Christians the world has beheld since the time of Constantine brought face to face with a huge national iniquity, and instead of rebuking, cowed into approving it. The only religious body which seems never to have wavered in reprobating it is the Church of Rome; and even her conduct is susceptible of the ill-natured explanation, that she derives her support mainly from Europe.

But if the Southern clergy are faithless to their trust, and the Southern people either bribed by self-interest or overawed by menace, at least it may be said there is hope that the energetic North, the home of Abolitionism, stand in the cause of Freedom, will eventually prevail. Unhappily, the North is not stand in the cause of Freedom. It values philanthropy much, but the almighty dollar more. The South gives Protectionist votes as hush-money to the North; and the North, being Protectionist to the back-bone in its convictions, cannot bring itself to relinquish this support. This may very possibly not be an enduring obstacle, for a change of opinion, similar to that which has taken place in England, may take away all its value from the bribe. But a much more serious hindrance to any hearty action against slavery on the part of the North is the ineradicable prejudice against colour. Mr. Chambers gives a great many instances which betray a state of public feeling scarcely conceivable to us in England. The rudest and the most enlightened districts, with the exception of Massachusetts, share it alike. It seems to be felt with equal keenness by clergymen and laymen, by the pious and the profane—nay, even intense Abolitionist opinions do not seem to secure a man from this moral contagion. No accomplishments, no moral or intellectual qualities, can save from virtual excommunication the unhappy possessors of any proportion of negro blood. They are secluded in special galleries in church, banished to special schools, hunted out of public conveyances; and in hotels, the common table d'hôte is taboo to them. A Pariah in India, or even a leper among the children of Israel, was scarcely more an object of commiseration than a free negro is in the free Northern States of America. A curious illustration of this state of feeling occurred in New York. A certain college in that State had the courage to appoint a quadron to one of the professor's chairs. This professor, not satisfied with this unparalleled favour, had the audacity to fall in love with a white young lady, who was weak enough to accept him. But she had a brother, a very pious clergyman, and distinguished for the fervour with which he testified against the atrocities of slavery. He never seems to have contemplated a personal application of the doctrines of equality and fraternity. He was willing enough to look on the negro as a man and a brother, but he strongly objected to looking on him as a man and a brother-in-law. Accordingly, with a ready Yankee instinct, he appealed to the mob of the neighbourhood, who, nothing loth, assembled one Sunday afternoon after Church, "with an empty barrel spiked with shingle nails," and all the other apparatus of patriotic vengeance complete, in order to tar and feather the aspiring professor. He escaped out of their clutches, and fled, first to New York, where he married his hard won bride, and then to England. But a luckless schoolmaster who had given him shelter, was summarily dismissed from his situation. This story reads like a tale of some of the worst periods of the most exclusive German aristocracies—except that some more gentle form of death would probably have been substituted for the "empty barrel spiked with shingle nails." It seems to be the hard fate of the American constitution to revive within its own pale all the evils against which it was designed to protest, without any of the mitigating adjuncts which made them tolerable in the older societies. It has persecution without the self-devoted faith which almost hallowed it—despotism untempered by the patriarchal feeling—and an aristocracy of caste, impassably fenced off, and unsoftened by the halo of chivalrous traditions.

As long as it is under the dominion of feelings such as these, it is quite clear that the North, notwithstanding such indications as have recently been given by the legislatures of New York and one or two other States, can never be really in earnest in the cause of Abolition. But were it ever so much in earnest, it is bound hand and foot by the provisions of the Federal Constitution. The Fugitive Slave Law is, as is well known, a portion of that Constitution. It now appears, by the decision of the Supreme Court, that it does not lie within the power of Congress to limit the extension of slavery in any direction. Mexico, Central America, Cuba, even Brazil, may be ultimately swallowed up in the vortex. The curse of slavery may be perpetuated over half a continent—the Senate may be swamped by the votes of fifty new Slave States—and yet the North will be powerless to interfere. The Constitution cannot be altered except with the consent of three-fourths of the States, involving therefore a considerable number of Slave States; and in consequence of the strange provision

that five slave votes shall be equal to three free votes, the slave-owners are and must remain masters of the Slave States. The entanglement is inextricable—the South is thoroughly master of the situation. As long as the Union is maintained, slavery must endure; and the North has hitherto resolutely declined even to contemplate the dissolution of the Union. The remedy would be a certain one, though attended with terrible risk:—

The withdrawal of the Northern States from the confederacy, whether peacefully or by armed force, would so shake and weaken the whole fabric of Southern institutions, that an insurrection by the slaves would be inevitable—slavery would dissolve in a sea of blood.

The South knows this. It has often, in its vaunting and reckless mode of speaking, threatened to quit the Union. Let it try.

Feeling its power, the North, if true to itself and animated by higher motives, could in a short space of time extinguish slavery. It could say to the South: "Unless you proceed to follow our example, and make provision for the gradual emancipation of your slaves, the partnership between us must be dissolved; we must quit the confederacy, and be to you in future a foreign country." A resolute but friendly address in these terms from an aggregate convention of Free States is what civilization would point to, instead of a resort to arms. But what a glow of patriotism—what an arousing of sensibilities—what a casting forth of selfishness—what a disruption of venerated traditions—what an enlightening of the masses—must ensue before the North assumes this grand attitude! It will not do so. The execution of the threat would be Revolution.

And yet the prospect of sitting still is terrible enough. The slaves are now four millions, and in ten years they will be five millions. A war with some powerful European State is always a possible contingency. Suppose the Federal forces to be engaged in defending the Union on some other point—a black regiment or two, raised in Hayti, might march through the Southern States, and the great slavery difficulty would be solved by a universal massacre.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BULGARIA.*

THIS book is the composition of a Greek, but written in French, and published at St. Petersburg. Its approval by the Russian censorship shows that it can contain nothing directly contrary to Russian interests, while its combined Greek and Russian origin affords a sufficient guarantee that it is not written in the interest of the Sublime Porte. But it should be remembered that, on the particular question of Bulgaria, Greek and Russian interests by no means coincide. It is palpably the interest of Russia to exaggerate, while it is palpably the interest of Greece to depreciate, the importance of the Slavonic element in Turkey. M. Vretos, then, between his Hellenic impulses on one side, and the terrors of the censorship on the other, might well be reduced to a state of laudable impartiality. But, in point of fact, he seems to have taken a direct liking to Bulgaria and the Bulgarians, and hardly contemplates the subject from either a Greek or a Russian point of view. The book too, though printed at St. Petersburg after the war, was written at Athens before it. It contains, however, very little political matter at all. A few side blows at the Turks in several places, and a few more at England and France in the preface, are no more than one must expect; and one or two slightly adulatory allusions to the Russian campaign of 1829 may have been inserted as a sop to the censorial Cerberus. The staple of the book is historical, antiquarian, and statistical; and, notwithstanding one or two strange errors which we shall point out, it is a useful contribution to literature in all these aspects. We do not propose to dwell on M. Vretos' minute local inquiries, whether into antiquities or statistics, but rather to deal with the points of more enlarged interest connected with ancient and modern Bulgaria.

Bulgaria is a country very far from devoid of interest, whether we regard its present condition or its past history. The encampment of the British troops at Varna may have done something to promote a knowledge of the former, but we doubt whether it has done anything to dispel public ignorance as to the latter. So many people have fought at Sebastopol, and have even written books on the Crimea, without ever having heard of the Republic of Cherson, that we shall not be surprised to learn that the mass of officers, tourists, and correspondents returned from Bulgaria as wise as they went about King Bogoris and King Joannice. One "British Resident of twenty years in the East" has indeed discovered, what had escaped the notice of Gibbon and Finlay—that John Tzimiskes, commonly held to have been a Byzantine emperor, was in point of fact a Bulgarian king. Long before that, Sir J. E. Tennent had found that the overthrow of the Bulgarian kingdom was effected by a certain "Baldwin II.," who appears in authentic history at quite another date, and in quite another character. Indeed, as so few people know anything of the Eastern Empire, still fewer can be expected to know anything about its enemies; and, besides, what hope is there for a people whose two most renowned heroes bore the names of Simeon and Samuel? Byzantine history has, to be sure, its Isaacs and its Michaels, but the princes so angelically and patriarchally designated do not figure among the great legislators and warriors of the Empire. These we commonly find among the Leos, Basils, and Constantines, the Johns and the Nikephoroi. But in Bulgaria, from the time of its first conversion to Christianity, a Jewish or Puritanical tinge spreads itself over the whole nomenclature. The historian must record, with as grave a face

as he can, the triumphant career of King Simeon and the heroic endurance of King Samuel, and must weep, if he can without smiling, over the decadence of the monarchy under the feeble hands of King Gabriel.

Bulgaria, in its modern aspect, has some claim upon our regard as the chief seat of the most numerous of the Christian nations under the direct sway of the Porte. The Turkish province of Bulgar-ili alone contains a population of two millions; and this is far from the whole extent of the Bulgarian nation, as it forms also the largest portion of the inhabitants of inland Macedonia. The whole Greek nation, scattered as it is, doubtless far outnumbers the Bulgarian; but there is little doubt that the Sultan has more Bulgarian than Greek subjects. Most certainly it is so if we look to the European provinces only. The Roumans also probably outnumber the Bulgarians, but their relation to the Porte is, like that of the Servians, completely different. Of the European Christians to be directly benefitted by Tanzimat and Hatti-Humayuns, the Bulgarians are certainly the most numerous class, and must nearly approach a moiety of the whole. The modern Bulgarians appear to be the most honest, peaceable, and industrious—and, at the same time, the most backward and apathetic—of the Christians of Turkey. They have displayed nothing of the intellectual and military vigour of their Hellenic, Albanian, and Servian brethren. Their conquest by the Ottomans was not ennobled by any such blaze of glory as attaches to the names of Hunniades, Scanderbeg, and Constantine. They sink silently out of notice after the battle of Nikopolis. Since then, some gross case of oppression has occasionally roused them into momentary revolt, but they have never been capable of any sustained and vigorous resistance to the oppressor. Greece and Servia have each a War of Independence to record—Bulgaria has none. She did but send a few volunteers to fight for the independence of Hellas. The modern Bulgarians, under a good government, would doubtless make loyal subjects and peaceable citizens, and under due instruction they might turn their agricultural industry to better purpose than they do at present; but, if the Danube is ever to be set on fire, it will certainly be in the Servian rather than the Bulgarian portion of its course.

Going back a thousand years, one is almost appalled to find these same Bulgarians—inhabiting the same country, and, as far as we can judge, speaking essentially the same language—appearing as the most indomitable defenders of their own freedom, and the most formidable aggressors upon the freedom of others. For at least four centuries they were the terror of Constantinople—an enemy really more dangerous than the Saracen himself. Even their conversion to Christianity, and that in its Orthodox form, in no way diminished their constant enmity to the Empire. Two such great States have seldom existed so long amid such constant warfare, with so little permanent result on either side. Each nation has often pressed into the territory of the other; but for eleven hundred years the chain of Hæmus has been, speaking roughly, the barrier between the Bulgarian and the Greek.

The origin of the primitive Bulgarians is disputed. Dr. Prichard makes them Turks—M. Vretos agrees with Professor Max Müller, in making them Fins, like the Magyars. This is almost purely an archaeological question; for the Bulgarians of history, as well as the Bulgarians of modern times, are essentially Slavonic. The Magyars retain their Finnish language; in modern Bulgarian, some small Finnish elements are all that is said to be discernible in the Slavonic mass. Probably the best analogy would be the Varangian conquest of Russia, where the Scandinavian settlers were almost immediately Slavonized. So, in Bulgaria, the original Finnish or Turkish tribe was speedily lost among the mass of their Slavonic subjects. They speedily occupied Mesia, and made the Roman *Terminus* recede from the Danube to Hæmus. The eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, with the exception of a considerable portion of the ninth, form a scene of incessant wars between the Bulgarians and the Empire. In the ninth century they embraced Christianity, but their third Christian King, Simeon, though he had received a Greek education at Constantinople, was, perhaps for that very reason, a more terrible foe to the Empire than any of his predecessors. In 972 the triumphant arms of John Tzimiskes, the conqueror of Saracen and Russian alike, annexed Bulgaria for a moment to the Empire. No sooner was he dead than, during the minority of Basil and Constantine, the valiant Samuel not only threw off the Roman yoke, but obtained possession of a large portion of Illyria, Macedonia, and Northern Greece. His capital was Achrida. After years of incessant warfare, Basil II. overthrew the new monarchy, and re-annexed Bulgaria to the Empire, winning thereby the surname of *Βουλγαροκτόνος*, the Slayer of the Bulgarians. From his time Bulgaria remained, except during two brief revolts, a Byzantine province till 1186. Then, after a long struggle with the Imperial forces, a new Bulgarian kingdom arose, which plays an important part in the history of the Latin Empire of Constantinople. This new state seems, however, to have comprised only the modern Ottoman province, without including the Macedonian conquests of Samuel, though so large a Bulgarian population still remains there. At last, at the close of the fourteenth century, Bulgaria shared the fate of its neighbours, and was swallowed up by the advancing power of the Ottoman.

M. Vretos' summary of Bulgarian history is useful, as being the only connected history of the people which we know. Generally, one has to pick out with some difficulty the special Bul-

* *La Bulgarie Ancienne et Moderne: sous le Rapport Géographique, Historique, Archéologique, Statistique, et Commercial.* Par André Papadopoulos Vretos. Saint Petersburg, 1856.

garian thread from the general web of the Byzantine annals. We have tested M. Vretos pretty minutely by Mr. Finlay, with occasional references to the Byzantine writers. On the whole, his account of Bulgaria itself is accurate and trustworthy; but he falls into blunders as to the broad facts of Byzantine history, which, in an Englishman or a Frenchman, would not have surprised us, but which are wonderful in a Greek. We cannot help suspecting that M. Vretos, who was Greek Consul at Varna, took up the subject of Bulgarian history because of the interest which he had conceived in the country during his residence there, and without a sufficient groundwork of familiarity with the history of his own people. Certainly we were staggered at such blunders as the following:—

Cet auteur nous raconte [sic] que parmi les prisonniers, fait par Crummsus [sic—it should, we think, be Crummsus] à Andrinople, il y avait l'Archevêque Manuel, et les parents de Basile, alors enfant, qui plus tard fut élu empereur, et devint la terreur des Bulgares sous le nom de Bulgaroktone. (p. 38.)

This is in 814. M. Vretos has confounded Basil, the founder of the Macedonian dynasty, with his remote descendant Basil the Βουλγαροκτόνος. The mistake is much the same, though the distance of time is much less, as if the battle of Azincourt were to be attributed to the first Plantagenet king of England. Of course M. Vretos' own narrative corrects the error in a few pages. In p. 64 he tells us that the Emperor Nikephoros Phokas "mourut de tristesse," instead of being murdered by John Trimisikes. More appalling still is the mistake on one of the broadest facts in Constantinopolitan history in p. 84:—"Vers cette époque [1245] les Latins avaient été chassés de Constantinople, et déjà y regnaient Vataces."

We need only look on three pages in M. Vretos' own book to find the tolerably well-known fact that the Latins held Constantinople fifteen years longer, and that John Vataatzes was dead before its recovery by the Greeks.

After this M. Vretos is hardly entitled to put together "la liste [nearly two pages long] des auteurs dont nous avons rectifiées les fautes historiques," including St. Paul, Strabo, Constantine Porphyrogenetos, Gibbon, and Von Hammer. He has certainly, in p. 49, caught Gibbon in one enormous blunder, that of mistaking the town of Anchialos on the Euxine for the well-known river Achelous in Western Greece. It is curious that Mr. Finlay (whom M. Vretos never mentions) has pointed out the same error. But chronology shows that neither could have borrowed from the other. M. Vretos wrote in 1852, and Mr. Finlay only printed the volume in question the same year.

We are sorry to add that the St. Petersburg press is not very accurate either in its French or its Greek.

THE ROUA PASS.*

It is very seldom that we have to notice so good a novel as the *Roua Pass*. It does not aim at excellence of the highest order, but it displays almost every quality that ensures the attainment of a secondary success. The story is well contrived and well told, the incidents are natural and varied, several of the characters are skilfully drawn, and one—that of the heroine—is fresh, powerful, and original. The Highland scenery, in which the plot is laid, is described with truth and feeling—with a command of language which leaves a vivid impression, and without that flood of word-painting which is apt to deluge romances written in imitation of *Jane Eyre* and of the works of Mr. Ruskin. We might find numberless points to praise in this interesting and effective story, but general praise is apt to convey a very imperfect notion of relative merit. We hear that a novel is good, but we can scarcely gather the degree of goodness intended to be assigned to it. Probably, therefore, when we say that, without bearing any trace of imitation, the *Roua Pass* is a tale of the same kind, and attaining the same degree of excellence, as the *Initials*, we shall give our readers a better clue to the pleasure they may expect in reading it than if we were to fill columns in analysing and eulogising its contents.

The story of the *Roua Pass* turns upon the adventures of three Englishmen who have taken a shooting-box in the Highlands. They there meet not only with grouse and red-deer, but with three young ladies, daughters of a neighbouring laird—Macneil of Glenbenrough. An intimacy is rapidly formed, and a succession of picnics and excursions begins, affording an opportunity to the author to describe scenery, and to the heroes to make love. The youngest of the Miss Macneils is too completely a child to be more than a spectator, and as the eldest sister instantly subsides into a decorous and steady flirtation with the best conducted of the Englishmen, the second sister, Esmé, engages the affections of the two others, who are not the sort of persons to make a young lady happy. The one is a polished, sceptical, sentimental trifler—the other is a bold, proud, ambitious man, who has the one merit of feeling the love he offers. In the background is a young Scotch cousin, who nurses a hopeless passion for Esmé, and, finding his passion not even suspected by its object, hurries abroad, and stays there till the close of the third volume. The whole burden of the story rests upon the affairs of the heart that spring up between Esmé and her two English lovers; and it must be acknowledged that it is not a very easy task to paint with anything like an adherence to truth and nature the

relations which would bind together a simple, high-minded mountain girl with two men of the world. Difficult, however, as the task is, the author succeeds, and the conduct of Esmé in many of the little adventures which mark the intercourse of the strangers and their Highland friends is delineated with great penetration into the niceties of character.

Auber, the unloving lover, easily wins her to a frank confidence in him, and she unaffectedly acknowledges the delight she feels in the company of a man superior in education and manners to any one she has seen before. It is a great merit in the author that he has neither made Auber too bad, nor given us too much of him. His villainy is such as might be found in an ordinary member of society, and is not a mere lifeless piece of stage exaggeration. He amuses himself with seeing how great an influence he can obtain over a girl whom he admires but cannot love, simply because he is far too *blasé* to love any one. An inferior writer, in drawing such a character, would have made him construct a web of diabolical plots, whereas the author of the *Roua Pass* understands the point at which a man whose only villainy is a want of fresh feeling, would really stop short. Esmé is never persuaded to fancy herself in love with him, and reserves the whole current of her feelings for his rival. This rival is drawn with success inferior to that attained in the delineation of Auber only because he is represented as ambitious, and ambition can scarcely be portrayed in fiction. He gains Esmé's love, and then, although deeply and fervently attached to her, marries a duke's daughter in order to get a seat in Parliament. In a novel, a seat in Parliament seems a very small thing by the side of a young lady's love, although in real life there may be men who think domestic felicity a cheap sacrifice when weighed against the possibility of becoming an Under-Secretary of State. The ambitious lover of Esmé is very properly punished for his choice, and lives to become the most miserable person in the world, except his wife. Esmé herself falls back on the Scotch cousin, and gets well out of the trouble caused her by her English lovers. Here, again, we may observe that it requires considerable skill to make it seem natural and satisfactory that Esmé should end in this way. But we fully acquiesce in the arrangement. She does not mourn over "a lost love." She sees that her true happiness lies in the affection of her cousin. All is smooth with her at last, and she lives in peace and quiet among her ancestral mountains.

The *Roua Pass* has this in common with the *Initials*—that the main interest of the story turns upon the behaviour of a simple, noble-hearted girl who finds herself thrown into the society of a foreign lover, who is in some respects, at least, her superior. And like the *Initials* it contains many parts which are more or less connected with the story, but which mainly charm us because they have a local colouring, and give us pictures of manners and traits of national character. We have, for instance, in the first volume, a description of loch-fishing, of a "barn ball," and of the Sunday congregation of a Highland church—each admirable for life and truth, and a subdued flavour of the ludicrous. Later in the story we have a picture of the hospitality of a Highland vassal, welcoming his laird and his laird's family, and a very touching account of the fate of a Highland shepherd lost in the snow. There are also some comic scenes, principally based on the oddities of a warm-hearted old maid, that show the author had an eye to the peculiarities of the last generation of the Scotch. We do not mean to speak of the *Roua Pass* as a book without faults. There are sometimes too many characters on the stage at once, and the few scenes laid in England are worked out in a manner so thin and unreal as to make it certain that observation is the secret of the excellence attained in the Scotch scenes. But the faults are very few and very trifling, and novel readers may think themselves fortunate to have a story offered them so pleasant, so new, and so evenly good throughout.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—

OFFICE—NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS. ESTABLISHED IN 1762. Capital on the 31st December, 1856, £7,000,000 sterling. Income of the Society upwards of £400,000 per annum.

The Equitable is a Mutual Society, and the whole of the profits are appropriated to the benefit of the Assured.

Assurances may be effected for any sum not exceeding £10,000 on one and the same Life.

A Weekly Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from 11 to 1 o'clock, to receive Proposals for New Assurances.

A short account, explanatory of the advantages and security afforded to Assurers may be had on application at the Office, where attendance is given daily, from 10 to 4 o'clock.

ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, Instituted 1823.

OFFICE—FLEET-STREET, LONDON, (E.C.)

The ASSETS of this Society exceed FOUR-AND-A-HALF MILLIONS STERLING.

Its ANNUAL INCOME exceeds FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS.

The Profits will hereafter be divided at the end of every Fifth Year—Four-fifths of the Profits are allotted to the Assured.

At the Divisions of Profit which have already been made, Reverendary Bonuses, exceeding £2,870,000, have been added to the several Policies.

The next Division of Profits will be made up to 31st December, 1859, when all Whole-Life Policies effected during the present year will participate, if then in force.

Prospectuses, Forms of Proposal, &c., may be obtained on application at the Society's Office, Fleet-street, London, (E.C.)

March, 1857. WILLIAM SAMUEL DOWNES, Actuary.

*The *Roua Pass*; or, *Englishmen in the Highlands*. By Erick Macneil. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

ECONOMIC LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

6, NEW BRIDGE-STREET, LONDON.

Chairman.—HENRY FREDERICK STEPHENSON, Esq.

Deputy-Chairman.—ROBERT BIDDULPH, Esq.

ADVANTAGES—**Mutual Assurance.**

The lowest rates of Premium on the MUTUAL SYSTEM.

THE WHOLE OF THE PROFITS divided every Fifth Year.

An accumulated Capital of £1,575,000

During its existence the Society has paid in Claims 1,455,000

Reversionary Bonuses have been added to Policies to the extent of 899,000

The last Bonus, declared in 1854, averaged £87 PER CENT. on the

Premiums paid, and amounted to 397,000

Policies in force 7,437

The Annual Income exceeds 240,000

The next Division of Profits will be made in 1859

Assurances effected prior to 31st December, 1859, will participate

in the Division of 1862.

Prospectuses and full particulars may be obtained on application to

ALEXANDER MACDONALD, Secretary.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The SIXTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL VERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on TUESDAY, the 19th inst., at 6 o'clock precisely.

The Earl GRANVILLE, Lord President of the Council, in the Chair.

STEWARDS:—

W. F. Allen, Esq.

Rev. Churchill Babington, B.D.

Frederick Pratt Barlow, Esq.

Henry G. Bohn, Esq.

Right Hon. Lord Bolton.

Lionel Booth, Esq.

The Very Rev. the Dean of Canterbury.

Right Hon. the Earl of Cardigan, K.C.B.

Rev. Prof. Christmas, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A.

Right Hon. William Cowper, M.P.

Daniel Cronin, Esq.

William Bodham Donne, Esq.

William Fudge, Esq.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Haliburton.

Cesar Hawkins, Esq., F.R.S.

Sir William Heathcote, Bart., M.P.

Arthur Helps, Esq.

George Willoughby Hemans, Esq.

Rev. John Mountney Jephson, M.A.

John Jones, Esq., Dolaucothly.

T. Winter Jones, Esq.

John William Kaye, Esq.

Right Hon. Lord Kinnaird.

William Money Kyrie, Esq.

Rev. J. B. Lightfoot, M.A.

The Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

Dr. Livingston, M.D.

William Jones Lloyd, Esq.

Tickets (21s. each) may be obtained from the Stewards, and from the Secretary, at the Chambers of the Corporation, 73, Great Russell-street, W.C.

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—PICCOLOMINI, ALBONI, SPEZIA, GIUGLINI, BELLETTI, BENEVENTANO, and VIALLETTI.

MONDAY, May 19th.—All the Artists of the Establishment—Grand Morning Concert.

TUESDAY, May 19th.—LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO. PICCOLOMINI, POMA, BOTTARDI, and BELLETTI.

THURSDAY, May 21st.—LA TRAVIATA. PICCOLOMINI, GIUGLINI, and BENEVENTANO.

SATURDAY, May 23rd.—IL TROVATORE. SPEZIA, ALBONI, GIUGLINI, BENEVENTANO, and VIALLETTI.

To conclude (each Evening) with the entirely New Ballet, by M. Masset, entitled, ALCALISTA.

For particulars see Bills.

A limited number of Boxes in the half-circle tier have been specially reserved for the public, and may be had at the Box-office, at the Theatre, Colonnade, Haymarket. Price One Guinea and One Guinea and a half each.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.—Under the immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. Mrs. ANDERSON, Pianiste to Her Majesty the Queen, and instructress to their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, the Princess Alice, the Princess Helena, and the Prince Alfred. ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT in Her Majesty's Theatre, Monday, May 19th, commencing at Half-past One o'clock precisely, with all the Principal Artists, also the Band and Chorus of that establishment. Conductor, Signor BONETTI.

Principal Vocal Performers will include Madlle. PICCOLOMINI, Madlle. MARIA SPEZIA, Madlle. CLARA NOVELLO, Madlle. ANGIOLA UNTOLANI, and Madlle. ALBONI. Signor ANTONIA GIUGLINI, Mr. CHARLES HARRAM, Signor BENEVENTANO, Signor CORBI, Signor VIALLETTI, and Signor BELLETTI.

Instrumental Solo Performers.—Pianoforte—Mrs. ANDERSON, Mrs. F. B. JEWSON, and Mr. W. G. CUSINS. Violin—M. HAZZINI, Solo Violin to the Emperor of Austria. Violoncello—Signor PEZZE, First Violoncello of H. M. Theatre; Contrabasso—Signor GILARDONI, First Contrabasso of H. M. Theatre.

Prices of Admission:—Boxes: Grand Tier, £4 4s.; Pit ditto, £2 2s. 6d.; First ditto, £3 3s.; Second ditto, £2 2s.; Third ditto, £1 1s. 6d.; Stalls, £1 1s.; Pit, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Places, to be made at the Box-office of Her Majesty's Theatre; the principal Librarians and Music Publishers; or of Mrs. ANDERSON, 34, Notttingham-place, York-gate, Regent's Park.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FLOWER SHOW.—TO GARDENERS.

No Specimens can be entered for Exhibition after MONDAY, the 25th instant. Gardeners applying in writing to the Secretary, on or before that day, and producing satisfactory evidence of their being *bona fide* Gardeners, will receive Special Tickets admissible on the 30th, on payment of 5s. at the doors. The Regulations and Schedules of Prizes may now be obtained on application.

Crystal Palace, May 12, 1857. By Order, GEORGE GROVE, Secretary.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FLOWER SHOW AND GREAT FOUNTAINS.—THE FIRST GRAND HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION of the present season will be held on SATURDAY, the 30th MAY. The first Display of the Great Fountains and the entire system of Waterworks will take place between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Military Bands will be in attendance, in addition to the Band of the Company. Admission by Season Tickets, of both classes, or on payment of Half-a-Guinea.

N.B.—The other Flower Show of this Season will take place on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of September.

Crystal Palace, May 12th, 1857. By Order, GEO. GROVE, Secretary.

DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM, 4, COVENTRY STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE. Programme:—Lectures by Dr. KAHN, daily, at 3 o'clock, on highly interesting and instructive topics, and by Dr. SEXTON, F.R.G.S., F.E.S., as follows:—At half-past 1, the Phenomena, Curiosities, and Philosophy of the Sense of Sight. At 4, the Great Tobacco Controversy. At Half-past 7, the Food we eat; its Uses, Preparation, Adulteration, and Digestion. The Museum contains 1000 Models and Preparations, and is wholly unrivalled in the world. Open daily (for gentlemen only) from 10 till 10. Admission, 1s. Catalogues, containing Dr. Kahn's Lectures, gratis to visitors.

CHICHESTER THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.—This College is intended to receive Graduates only, to prepare them for the Theological Examinations and or Parochial work. The terms of the College extend from January 21st to June 21st, and from August 12th to December 20th, with a fortnight's vacation at Easter and in October. For further particulars, apply to the Rev. C. A. Swainson, the Principal.

EDUCATION.—ADVANTAGEOUS OFFER.

A Clergyman who prepares a limited number of Private Pupils for the PUBLIC SCHOOLS, wishes to meet with one about thirteen years of age, and of good abilities, who has begun to read Homer and Horace, as companion to a boy of the same age, all whose class-fellows have just gone up to Harrow, &c., but who cannot obtain admission there himself before Easter, 1858.—Terms, in this special instance, £75 (ordinarily 100 guineas) per annum. The highest references will be given.

Address, the Rev. H. N. B. Messrs. DAVIES, Wax Chandlers, 63, St. Martin's-lane.

REAL SPANISH MANTILLAS.—A. BLACKBORNE begs to inform the nobility and gentry that he has a choice COLLECTION of the above MANTILLAS.—Original Spanish Depot, 56A, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY.—Elementary Collections, which greatly facilitate the study of these interesting branches of Science, can be had at 2, 5, 10, 20, 50, to 100 Guineas each, of J. TENNANT, Mineralogist to Her Majesty, 149, Strand, London. Also, Geological Maps, Hammers, Books, &c.

Mr. TENNANT gives Private Instruction in Mineralogy and Geology.

CHARACTER FROM HANDWRITING.

MR. WARREN, of 9, GREAT COLLEGE STREET, WESTMINSTER, continues, with great success, to delineate the Character of Individuals from their Handwriting. All persons desirous of testing his art are invited to forward a specimen of their ordinary writing, together with thirteen postage-stamps, and a mention of their sex and age, to the above address.

W. DAWSON and SONS regularly SUPPLY the SATURDAY REVIEW and the other LONDON NEWSPAPERS in town, and by the morning, evening, and foreign mails, to all parts of the United Kingdom, India, Australia, and foreign countries. Advertisements inserted in all the London and country newspapers. A list for 1857, with politics and days of publication, sent gratis on application.

Abchurch-yard, and 74, Cannon-street, City, E.C.; Established 1809.

WHAT WILL THIS COST TO PRINT? is often a thought passing through the minds of literary and public characters, and persons of benevolent feelings. Apply as under, and you will receive every information required.

RICHARD BARRETT, Mark-lane, London. Established 25 years.

LIVING CELEBRITIES. A Series of Photographic Portraits, by MAULL and POLYTECHNIQUE.

The number for May contains Major-General Sir W. F. WILLIAMS, Bart., with Memoir.

MAULL and POLYTECHNIQUE, 55, Gracechurch-street, and 187A, Piccadilly; and DAVID BOGUE, 86, Fleet-street.

This Day, 8vo, 16s.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE REPRESSION OF CRIME. Contained in Charges to the Grand Juries of Birmingham; supported by Additional Facts and Arguments, by MATTHEW DAVENPORT HILL, Q.C.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

This Day, Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

REMARKS ON THE DIFFERENCES IN SHAKESPEARE'S VERSIFICATION IN DIFFERENT PERIODS OF HIS LIFE. And on the like Points of Difference in Poetry generally.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

This Day, Third and Cheaper Edition, 7s. 6d.

ESSAYS ON SOME OF THE DANGERS WHICH MAY ARISE TO THE CHRISTIAN FAITH FROM THE TEACHING OR THE CONDUCT OF ITS PROFESSORS. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin.

By the same Author,

ESSAYS ON SOME OF THE PECULIARITIES OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. Seventh Edition. 7s. 6d.

ESSAYS ON THE ERRORS OF ROMANISM HAVING THEIR ORIGIN IN HUMAN NATURE. Fifth Edition. 7s. 6d.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF TENNYSON'S POEMS.

On Saturday next will be published, in 1 vol., price 31s. 6d. cloth.

POEMS. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. With Illustrations by W. Mulready, R.A., C. Standish, R.A., T. Craxwick, R.A., D. MacLise, R.A., J. E. Millais, A.R.A., J. C. Horsley, A.R.A., W. H. Hunt, D. G. Rossetti, EDWARD MOXON, Dover-street.

Now ready, price 6d.

PUBLIC OFFICES AND METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS. By ALEXANDER J. B. BERNARD HOPE, Esq., M.P. JAMES RIDGWAY, Piccadilly; and all Booksellers.

Now ready, price One Shilling.

MIDDLE-CLASS EDUCATION.—West of England Prizes and Mr. Temple's Examination Scheme, with Introduction. Addressed to the Universities by J. D. ACLAND, Esq.

JAMES RIDGWAY, Piccadilly.

Also in the Press,

THE TRUE EDUCATION OF THE FARMER. By J. D. ACLAND, Esq.

COMPLETION OF "LITTLE DORRIT."

On the 30th inst. will be published, price 2s., a Double Number (10 and 20), being the concluding Part of

LITTLE DORRIT. By CHARLES DICKENS. A New Serial Story, uniform with "Black House," "David Copperfield," "Dombey and Son," with Illustrations by Hablot K. Browne.

BRADBURY and EVANS, 11, Bouverie-street.

On the 30th inst. will be published, demy 8vo, price 21s. cloth, or 24s. 6d.

half-bound morocco.

THE VOLUME OF LITTLE DORRIT. By CHARLES DICKENS. Containing 40 Illustrations by Hablot K. Browne.

BRADBURY and EVANS, 11, Bouverie-street.

Just ready,

A SAUNTER THROUGH SURREY. By M. C. TURNER, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Price 2s. 6d., limp cloth, gilt.

WILLIAM WALKER, 190, Strand.

TO VISITORS TO LONDON.

Third Thousand. In a volume of 800 pages, with a Portrait of the Author from a Painting by T. J. Gullick, price 14s.

CURIOSITIES OF LONDON: exhibiting the most Rare and Remarkable Objects of Interest in the Metropolis; with nearly Fifty Years' Personal Recollections. By JOHN TIMES, F.S.A.

"A wonderful little dictionary of London; there is so much out-of-the-way reading in it, such apt illustration of personal experience, and such a quantity of agreeable illustration, drawn both from books and men."—*Quarterly Review*.

Valuable and painstaking. We find in it much that is curious, interesting, and new."—*Press*.

By the same Author, with Frontispiece and Vignette, 3s. 6d. each.

CURIOSITIES OF HISTORY. Fourth Thousand.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN FAMILIARLY EXPLAINED. Fourteenth Thousand.

DAVID BOGUE, Fleet-street.

Now ready, Price One Shilling, No. XVII., MAY,

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

CONTENTS:—

- I. Life of Charlotte Brontë.
II. The Six Days of Creation.
III. Dynevor Terrace.
IV. The Temple Collection.
V. Fashionable Superstitions.

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, and Co.; and all Booksellers.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CCII., is published THIS

- DAY.
I. Pedestrianism in Switzerland.
II. Slavery in America.
III. Lunatic Asylums.
IV. Political Squibs and Satires.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

MR. BORROW'S NEW WORK.—THE ROMANY RYE, is

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

LORD CAMPBELL'S CONCLUDING VOLUME OF HIS

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

MR. FORTUNE'S TRAVELS IN CHINA DURING THE

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

A PASTORAL LETTER to the CLERGY of HIS DIOCESE.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

STATE POLICY OF MODERN EUROPE, from the beginning

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, and ROBERTS.

COLLECTIVE EDITION OF MR. READE'S POEMS, WITH THE AUTHOR'S

FINAL REVISION.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN EDMUND READE.

New Edition, revised and corrected: With additional Poems.

- Italy, in Four Parts.
Vision of the Ancient Kings.
Our Youth, and how it passed.
Catharine.
Memnon.

Lyrical Poems.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, and ROBERTS.

MACNAUGHT ON INSPIRATION. Second Edition, Revised

REVIEWS OF THE FIRST EDITION.

"A work distinguished by a fearless investigation of truth, an uncompromising hostility to deception and make-believe, a sincere worship of all which is holy and good—distinguished likewise by clearness of conception, closeness of argument, purity of expression, and completeness of arrangement."—*Westminster Review*, July, 1856.
"A wise and clearly reasoned book, written throughout in a most reverent spirit."—*Examiner*.

"The whole work is characterized by high ability, scholarship, thought, and simplicity."—*Northern Daily Times*.

NEW WORKS OF THE VERY REV. DR. FABER.

This day published, price 6s.

THE CREATOR AND THE CREATURE; or, the Wonders of

This day published, price 7s. 6d.

POEMS. BY FREDERICK W. FABER, D.D., Priest of the Oratory

LONDON: RICHARDSON and SON, 147, Strand; 9, Capel-street, Dublin; and Derby.

BALFOUR'S MANUAL OF BOTANY.

In Crown 8vo, pp. 664, with 831 Woodcuts, price 10s. 6d. cloth,

A MANUAL OF BOTANY. BY JOHN HUTTON BALFOUR, M.D.,

F.R.S.E., Professor of Medicine and Botany in the University of Edinburgh. Third Edition.

"The most masterly digest of the science which has yet appeared."—*Witness*.

LONDON and GLASGOW: RICHARD GRIFFIN and CO.

REV. F. D. MAURICE'S MORAL AND METAPHYSICAL

PHILOSOPHY. Crown 8vo.

Part I. SYSTEMS OF PHILOSOPHY Anterior to the time of Christ. Third Edition, 6s. cloth.

Part 2. PHILOSOPHY OF THE FIRST SIX CENTURIES. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

Part 3. MEDIEVAL PHILOSOPHY from the Sixth to Twelfth Century. 5s. cloth.

Part 4. PHILOSOPHY OF THE PRESENT DAY.—In preparation.

LONDON and GLASGOW: RICHARD GRIFFIN and CO.

NOTICE.—MR. RUSKIN'S NOTES ON THE EXHIBITIONS

OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS, &c., are now ready, price 1s.

THE NEW NOVELS.

NOW READY AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.

BELOW THE SURFACE: a Story of English Country Life.

By ERIC MACKENZIE. 3 vols.

"The attractions of the story are numerous and varied. It is a brilliant social picture of stirring scenes and striking adventures."—*Sun*."The romance is ingenious and interesting, and the story never flags. It is beautifully written; and the pictures of the Highlands are most graphic."—*Critic*.

THE EVE OF ST. MARK: a Romance of Venice. By THOMAS

DOUBLEDAY. 2 vols.

"The 'Eve of St. Mark' is not only well written, but adroitly constructed, and interesting."—*Athenaeum*.

FRIENDS OF BOHEMIA; or, Phases of London Life. By E.

M. WHITTY, Author of "The Governing Classes." 2 vols. Post 8vo.

"Mr. Whitty is a genuine satirist, employing satire for a genuine purpose. You laugh with him very much; but the laughter is fruitful and ripe in thought."—*Athenaeum*.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., 63, CORNHILL.

NEW BURLINGTON-STREET,
May 16.

MR. BENTLEY'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

I.

NORSE FOLK.

HOME LIFE IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN. By CHARLES LORING BRACE, Author of "Home Life in Germany," &c. Crown 8vo, 6s. [Just ready.]

II.

UNIFORM WITH "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Crown 8vo, 5s. [Just ready.]

III.

EGYPT AND THE GREAT SUEZ CANAL. A Narrative of Travels in Egypt, &c. By M. BARTHELEMY ST. HILAIRE. 8vo, 14s.

IV.

UNIFORM WITH "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

NIGHTSHADE. By W. JOHNSTON, M.A. Crown 8vo, 6s.

V.

HISTORICAL AND MILITARY ACCOUNT OF THE DEFENCE OF KARS. By Colonel ARWELL LAKE, C.B. 8vo, with Map and Illustrations, 18s.

VI.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY. By Mrs. CHALLICE. 2 Vols.

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

This day is published, in Crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS. By an OLD BOY. Cambridge: MACMILLAN and Co.

MR. MAURICE'S NEW WORK.

This day is published, Second Edition, in Crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN. A Series of Discourses. By FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn.

Lately published, by the same Author,

UNITY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, being Lectures on the Gospels of St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke, and the Epistles of St. Paul, St. Peter, St. James, and St. Jude. In one Volume, 8vo, cloth, 14s. Cambridge: MACMILLAN and Co.

A THIRD AND CHEAPER EDITION OF MR. KINGSLEY'S "WESTWARD HO!" Just ready, in one handsomely printed volume (520 pages), Crown 8vo, bound in cloth, price 7s. 6d.

*A few copies of the Second Edition, in 3 Vols., Crown 8vo, £1 11s. 6d., are still on hand.

WESTWARD HO! or, the Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amias Leigh, Knight, of Burrough, in the County of Devon, in the Reign of Her Most Glorious Majesty Queen Elizabeth. Rendered into modern English by CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Cambridge: MACMILLAN and Co.

This day is published, a Second Edition, in Three Vols., Crown 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d. TWO YEARS AGO. By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. Author of "Westward Ho!" &c.

Lately published, by the same Author,

THE HEROES: Greek Fairy Tales. 7s. 6d.

GLAUCUS; or, Wonders of the Shore. Third Edition. 3s. 6d.

WESTWARD HO! 3 vols. Second Edition. £1 11s. 6d.

ALEXANDRIA AND HER SCHOOLS. 5s.

PHAETHON; or, Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers. Second Edition. 2s.

Cambridge: MACMILLAN and Co.

SPINAL DEFORMITIES.

Just published, Second Edition, price 1s. 6d.

CASES AND OBSERVATIONS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE beneficial results which may be obtained by close attention and perseverance, in some of the most unpromising instances of Spinal Deformity, without the use of Steel Stays or other similar contrivances. With Engravings illustrative of the Cases. By SAMUEL HARE, F.R.C.S., Author of "Practical Observations on Curvatures of the Spine," &c.

LONDON: JOHN CRUICKSHANK, and may be had of all Booksellers.

CHARLES KINGSLEY AND HIS WRITINGS.

"The most complete and masterly analysis of Kingsley's writings that has yet appeared."—*British Standard*."The writer criticises from the orthodox point of view, but with calmness, knowledge, and insight."—*Leader*.

See "London Quarterly Review," No. 15, price 6s.

LONDON: ALEXANDER HAYLIN, 29, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

THE UNITED LIBRARIES—CHURTON'S AND BOOTH'S,

307, Regent-street, London, W., next the Royal Polytechnic Institution.

List of New Books lately added in English, French, and German literature:—

Barth's Discoveries in North and Central Africa. Vols. I., II., III.
Life of Charlotte Brontë.
Two Years Ago. By Kingsley.
Hue's Christianity in China.
Bonar's Desert of Sinai.
Spottiswoode's Tarantasse Journey.
Russia after the War. By Bunbury.
Miller's Testimony of the Rocks.
Dark and Fair.—Under the Lime Trees.
Angler in the Lake District.
Olmstead's Texas.

Barchester Towers. By Trollope.
Dynevor Terrace.—Below the Surface.
Photo the Sulist. By Morier.
Bombay to Bushire.
Stanley's Sinai and Palestine.
Tom Brown's School Days.
Still Waters.—May Himi ton.
Egypt and the Great Suez Canal.
Fortunes of Glenmore.
Si-ters of Charity. By Chalice.
Chandless' Visit to the Great Salt Lake.
Lake's Defence of Kars.

Villemin, Choix d'Etudes Littéraires.
Simondon, Fragments de son Journal.
Grandcourt, Portraits Intimes du XVIII. Siècle.
Thiers' Consulat. Tome XV.
Domenech, Journal d'un Missionnaire au Texas et au Mexique.
Barante, Etudes Historiques et Biographiques.
Du Casse, Précis Historique des Opérations Militaires en Orient.
Le Demon d'Argent. Par Science.
Le Cadet de Colobrius. Par Reybaud.
Germaine. Par About.
La Palenne. Par Pichat.
Mémoires du Duc de Raguse. 9 tomes.
Maréchal Marmont devant l'Histoire.
Le Chevalier Sarti. Par Scudo.

La Liberté de Conscience. Par Simon.
Der Augenblick des Glücks. Von Hachlander. 2 bde.
Sophie Charlotte, die philosophische Königin. Von Julius Baier. 3 bde.
Norddeutsches Leben. Von Eduard Ziehen. 2 bde.
Die Leute von Seidwyla. Von G. Keller.
Seltsame Geschichten. Von H. Koenig.
Rheider und Mastrose. Von Ernst Willkomm.
Schatzkästlein des Gevattermanns. Von Auerbach.
Soll und Haben. Von Freytag.
Stein's Leben. Von G. H. Pertz. 7 bde.
Frauenleben und Künstlerleben. Von Caroline Göhren.

MESSRS. RIVINGTON

HAVE THE FOLLOWING BOOKS IN THE COURSE
OF PUBLICATION:

I.
THE MARTYR OF THE PONGAS: a Memoir of the Rev. Hamble James Leacock, first West Indian Missionary to Western Africa. By the Rev. HENRY CASWALL, D.D., Vicar of Figheldean, Author of "America and the American Church," &c., &c. In small 8vo, with Portrait, 5s. 6d.

II.
THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE GREEK TESTAMENT. With English Notes by CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D., Canon of Westminster. [In a few days.]

III.
SIVAN THE SLEEPER: a Tale of all Time. By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS, M.A., late Fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford: Author of "The First of June." In small 8vo. [Just ready.]

IV.
QUEBEC CHAPEL SERMONS; Vols. VI. and VII. By HENRY ALFORD, B.D., Dean of Canterbury. In small 8vo. [In preparation.]

V.
SELECTIONS FROM MARTIAL. With English Notes, by the Rev. JOHN EDWARDS, M.A., Professor of Greek in the University of Durham, and the Rev. GEORGE BUTLER, M.A., formerly Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. In small 8vo. [Preparing for publication.]

VI.
SERMONS on Texts from the GOSPELS and EPISTLES for particular Sundays. By JOHN MAGDEN GURNEY, M.A., Rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone. In small 8vo, 6s.

VII.
DISCOURSES ON THE FALL AND ITS RESULTS. By the Rev. JOHN HANNAH, D.C.L., Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond. In small 8vo. [In the press.]

VIII.
SERMONS ON THE CHARACTERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; Author of a "Harmony of the Gospels," with Notes, in 8 vols. In small 8vo, 6s. 6d.

IX.
CATECHESIS; or, Christian Instruction preparatory to Confirmation, and First Communion. By the Rev. CHARLES WORDSWORTH, D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrew's, Dunkeld, and Dunblane. Third Edition. In small 8vo, 3s. 6d. [Now ready.]

X.
ECHOES FROM MANY MINDS: a Collection of Sacred Poetry. Edited by Lady CHARLOTTE MARIA PEPE. In 18mo. [In the press.]

XI.
HYMNS AND POEMS FOR THE SICK AND SUFFERING. In connexion with the Service for the Visitation of the Sick. Selected from various Authors. Edited by the Rev. T. V. FOSBERRY, M.A. Perpetual Curate of Sunningdale. Fourth Edition. In small 8vo, 6s. 6d. [Just published.]

XII.
PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL THEOLOGY. By ROBERT ANCHOR THOMPSON, M.A. In Crown 8vo, 4s. [Now ready.]

Also, by the same Author,
CHRISTIAN THEISM: the Testimony of Reason and Revelation to the Existence and Character of the Supreme Being. In 2 vols. 8vo, 21s. (This Work gained the first Burnett Prize in a Competition of 208 Writers.)

XIII.
THEOPHILUS ANGLICANUS; or, Instruction concerning the Church, and the Anglican Branch of it. For the Use of Schools, Colleges, and Candidates for Holy Orders. By CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D., Canon of Westminster. Eighth Edition. In Post 8vo, 8s. 6d. [Now ready.]

XIV.
THE WARNINGS OF THE HOLY WEEK: being a Course of Parochial Lectures for the week before Easter, and the Easter Festivals. By the Rev. WILLIAM ADAMS, M.A., late Fellow of Merton College, Author of "The Old Man's Home," and other Works. Fifth Edition. In small 8vo, 4s. 6d.

XV.
COMFORT FOR THE AFFLICTED. Selected from various Authors. Edited by the Rev. C. E. KENNAWAY. With a Preface by S. WILBERFORCE, D.D., Lord Bishop of Oxford. Eighth Edition. In small 8vo, 5s.

XVI.
ECHOES FROM EGYPT; or, the Type of Antichrist. Concluding with the Number of the Beast (Rev. xiii. 18). By the Rev. W. J. GROVES, M.A. In 8vo. [In the press.]

RIVINGTONS, WATERLOO PLACE.

In Post 8vo, price 7s. 6d.

AGONISTES; or, Philosophical Strictures, suggested by Opinions, chiefly of Contemporary Writers. By ALFRED LYALL, B.A., Rector of Harbledown, Kent.

In this work the opinions of the following Authors (amongst others) are discussed, viz.: Archbishop Whately—Whewell—Chalmers—Grote—Lord Brougham—Sydney Smith—Jeffrey—Mill—Brown—Paley—Macaulay—Baden Powell—J. H. Newman—Mackintosh—and Sir W. Hamilton.

RIVINGTONS, Waterloo-place.

Now publishing at One Penny each,

PLAIN SERMONS BY CLERGYMEN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. 33 are out. Also, SOUND WORDS; a Series of Eighteen Tracts. One Penny each, or bound in cloth, 1s. 9d.

London: CLEAVER, 10, Vere-street, W.

Postage free, for Stamps, Improved Edition, 7s. 6d.

LITTLE ENGLISH FLORA. By G. FRANCIS, F.L.S. A Botanical and Popular Account of our Field Flowers, with numerous Engravings and Poetical Illustrations.

SIMPKIN and MARSHALL, Stationers-hall-court; D. FRANCIS, 24, Mile-end-road.

This day is published, in 1 Vol., thick Royal 8vo (of 680 pages), cloth boards, price 8s. (allowed to purchasers to the amount of £5),

CATALOGUE GENERAL DES LIVRES FRANÇAIS, ITALIENS, ESPAGNOLS, Anciens et Modernes, qui se trouvent chez BARTHES et LOWELL, libraires, 14, Great Marlborough-street, London, (W.)

This Catalogue contains a vast selection of all the most important works in all departments of French, Italian, and Spanish literature, many of which have been collected during repeated journeys on the Continent. In it will be found a fine collection of works on Theology, Philosophy, Diplomacy, Natural History, Mathematics, Military Art, Chess, Transactions of the principal learned Societies of Europe, a most extraordinary selection of works on the Fine Arts, Painting, Archaeology, Miscellaneous Literature, History, Numismatics, Memoirs, Voyages and Travels, including all the Exploratory ones published at the expense of the French Government.

* A separate Catalogue of Elementary Books and popular Publications may be had, price 1s.

NEW WORKS

PRINTED FOR

WALTON AND MABERLY,

UPPER GOWER STREET, AND IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

COMPLETION OF DR. SMITH'S DICTIONARY OF GEOGRAPHY.

Now ready, 2 large Vols. medium 8vo, 44, cloth, lettered,

A DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN GEOGRAPHY. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. Illustrated by Four Maps and 634 Engravings on wood.

The articles in the work have been contributed by the following writers:—GEORGE FERGUSON BOWEN, M.A., late Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. EDWARD HERBERT BUNBURY, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. GEORGE BUTLER, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. WILLIAM BODHAM DODGE.

THOMAS H. DYER. J. S. HOWSON, M.A., Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool. EDWARD BOUCHER JAMES, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford. ROBERT GORDON LATHAM, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

GEORGE LONG, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. WILLIAM RAMSAY, M.A., Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow. JOHN ROBSON, B.A., of the University of London.

LEONHARD SCHMITZ, Ph.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh. CHARLES ROACH SMITH, F.S.A. PHILIP SMITH, B.A., Head Master of Mill Hill School.

WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D., Classical Examiner in the University of London (Editor). W. S. W. VAUX, M.A., of the British Museum. HENRY WALFORD, M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford.

GEORGE WILLIAMS, B.D., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. * * Vol. I., £1 16s.—Vol. II., £2 4s. (Just published.)

By the same Editor,

A DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES. Second Edition, revised and enlarged, One Vol., £2 2s., cloth lettered.

A DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN BIOGRAPHY AND MYTHOLOGY. 3 Vols., £5 15s. 6d., cloth lettered. * * The above three Works form a complete Encyclopedia of Classical Antiquity. A Prospectus, with specimens, will be sent by Post (free), to any one writing for it.

POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY.

Now ready, 520 Illustrations, 12s. 6d., cloth,

ANIMAL PHYSICS; or, the Body and its Functions familiarly Explained. By DIONYSIUS LARDNER, D.C.L. One Vol., small 8vo.

CONTENTS:—General View of the Animal Organization—Bones and Ligaments—Muscles—Structure of the Lower Animals—Nervous System—Circulation—Lymphatics—Respiration—Digestion—Assimilation, Secretion, the Skin, Animal Heat—Senses—Touch—Smell—Taste—Vision—Hearing—Voice—Development, Maturity, Decline, Death.

III.

Now ready, 328 Illustrations, 12mo, 3s. 6d., cloth,

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY FOR SCHOOLS. By Dr. LARDNER.

This Volume has been compiled to supply the want felt by a large number of Teachers, of a Class-book for Junior Students. Its purpose is to convey, in clear and concise terms, general notions of all the principal divisions of Physical Science, illustrated copiously with figures, showing the form and arrangement of apparatus, and the manner of performing the most important experiments.

IV.

COMPLETE COURSE OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Four Vols., 20s., cloth.—Sold separately, as under:—

DR. LARDNER'S HANDBOOK OF MECHANICS. 357 Engravings. One Vol., 5s., cloth.

DR. LARDNER'S HANDBOOK OF HYDROSTATICS, PNEUMATICS, AND HEAT. 292 Engravings. One Vol., 5s., cloth.

DR. LARDNER'S HANDBOOK OF OPTICS. 260 Engravings. One Vol., 5s., cloth.

DR. LARDNER'S HANDBOOK OF ELECTRICITY, MAGNETISM, AND ACOUSTICS. 395 Engravings. One Vol., 5s., cloth.

* * The Four Volumes, taken together, form a complete course of Natural Philosophy, sufficient not only for the highest degree of school education, but for that numerous class of University students who, without aspiring to the attainment of Academic honours, desire to acquire that general knowledge of these sciences which is necessary to entitle them to graduate, and, in the present state of society, is expected in all well-educated persons.

V.

With 211 Illustrations, 12mo, 2s. 6d., cloth,

POPULAR GEOLOGY. By Dr. LARDNER. (From the 'Museum of Science and Art.)

By the same Author from the same work,

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH 100 Cuts, 2s.

COMMON THINGS. First Series 114 Cuts, 2s. 6d.

COMMON THINGS. Second Series 119 Cuts, 2s. 6d.

MICROSCOPE 147 Cuts, 2s.

POPULAR PHYSICS 85 Cuts, 2s. 6d.

STEAM AND ITS USES 89 Cuts, 2s.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY. First Series 119 Cuts, 2s. 6d.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY. Second Series 61 Cuts, 2s.

THE BEE AND WHITE ANTS 135 Cuts, 2s.

VI.

12mo, 6s., cloth,

LOGIC IN ITS APPLICATION TO LANGUAGE. By Dr. R. G. LATHAM, Author of the "English Language," &c.

VII.

With 100 Illustrations, 8vo, 6s. 6d., cloth,

PHYSICAL OPTICS; or, the Nature and Properties of Light. By RICHARD POTTER, A.M., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in University College, London.

The Author's object has been to supply the want of a descriptive, experimental, and popular treatise on Physical Optics, showing how the greater number of the most important and beautiful experiments may be tried with homely and inexpensive apparatus.

VIII.

NEWMAN (F. W.). THE ODES OF HORACE, Translated into Unrhymed Metres, with Introduction and Notes. Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

IX.

NEWMAN (F. W.). THE ILIAD OF HOMER, faithfully translated into Unrhymed Metre. One Vol., Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d., cloth.

* * WALTON and MABERLY's new Descriptive Catalogue will be sent by Post (free), to any one writing for it.

LONDON: WALTON AND MABERLY.

London: Printed by THOMAS CHUTE SAVILL and JAMES ALLON EDWARDS, at their Office, 4, Chandos street, Covent-garden, in the County of Middlesex; and Published by DAVID JOHNSON, 21, Hemingford Cottages, Islington, at the Office, 39, Southampton-street, Strand, in the same County.—May 16, 1857.